

# AMERICA

## A·CATHOLIC·REVIEW·OF·THE·WEEK

VOL. XXXII, No. 10  
WHOLE No. 796

December 20, 1924

PRICE 10 CENTS  
\$4.00 A YEAR

### CONTENTS

	PAGE
CHRONICLE .....	217-220
TOPICS OF INTEREST	
Christmas with the Little Christ—The Holy Year of Jubilee—The Meaning of Christmas—Some Confused Genealogies—Religious Freedom in Mexico.....	221-229
COMMUNICATIONS .....	229
EDITORIALS	
At the Crib—Is Bigotry on the Wane?—Victims of Persecution—The Duty of Resistance .....	230-232
LITERATURE	
The Vision of Maleel—Medieval Christmas Chant—The Lonely Crib—A Night for Little Laughing Things—Said the Inn-Keeper—Reviews—Books and Authors .....	232-236
EDUCATION	
Teachers and the Business of Art.....	237-238
SOCIOLOGY	
The Child Labor Amendment.....	238-239
NOTE AND COMMENT.....	239-240

## Chronicle

**Home News.**—Eleven measures left over from the last session are mentioned in the tentative legislative program decided upon by the Republican Steering Committee of the Senate. Action on these measures, however, will not be allowed to interfere with the passage of the regular supply bills. The program does not include any of the recommendations made by President Coolidge in his recent message to Congress except one, that of the reorganization of the executive departments. Hence, it is quite certain that there will be no Senatorial discussion in this session on tax revision, railway and agricultural legislation, and American entrance in the World Court. The measures named in the program are of varying importance. Among them is a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution: to give to the people the power to ratify amendments to the Constitution either by direct vote or through conventions elected for that purpose; the resolution also provides that when one-fourth of the States have refused to ratify an amendment, the rejection becomes final and further consideration by the States shall cease. Two other measures of some importance mentioned in the program are: the establishment, operation and maintenance of foreign trade zones in ports of entry of the

United States, and the reorganization and coordination of the executive branches of the Government, including the creation of a new executive department to be known as the Department of Education and Relief. It is understood that the majority of these eleven measures have little chance of passage in the present session. The first business before the Senate was that of the Muscle Shoals project. With the debate upon this matter reaching the final stages, interest centered upon the vote to be taken in regard to the President's veto of the Post Office Employees' Salary Increase bill. President Coolidge vetoed the bill just at the conclusion of the last session; as the alignments in the Senate now stand, it is forecasted that the thirty-two votes necessary to sustain his veto are not obtainable.

According to the annual report of the Department of Agriculture, transmitted by Secretary Gore, but composed under the supervision of ex-Secretary Wallace, agriculture is in the highest position that it has attained since 1920. The gross income from agricultural products for the crop years, 1924-1925, is estimated at about twelve billion dollars, one-half billion greater than in the preceding year, and two and one-half billions more than in 1921-1922. In many instances the price of crops is higher than in recent years and the cost of production has materially declined. The report advocates the growth and development of the cooperative movement; but it states the opinion that the Government should not directly organize these cooperative associations but should confine its efforts merely to helping and being of service to them.

Immigration into the United States has increased from 309,556 in 1922 to 706,896 in 1924, according to the annual report of the Secretary of Labor. There was an increase of immigration from Western European countries, but a decided decrease in that from the Near East and from Southern and Eastern Europe. According to the figures given in the report, the principal increases were as follows: From England, Scotland and Wales, from 25,123 in 1922 to 59,940 in 1924; Ireland, 10,579 to 17,111; Germany, 17,931 to 75,091; Scandinavian countries, 14,625 to 35,577; British North America, 46,810 to 200,690, and Mexico, 19,551 to 89,336.

The racial stocks most largely represented in the immigration this year were: German, English, Mexican, Scotch, Italian, Hebrew, Scandinavian, Polish and Irish.

A sharp interchange of notes has passed between Great Britain and the United States in regard to the distribution of the collections from Germany made through the Dawes plan. In the allied conference of experts, the French, Italian and Belgian representative had agreed that the United States, while it had no legal right to share in the German payments, had an equity right. The British member refused to assent to this, and the British Government addressed a diplomatic note to Washington explaining the British attitude in regard to American participation. At this writing, neither the text of the British note nor of the American reply has been published. It is understood, however, that the British note denies both the legal and the equity rights of the United States. It states that the United States has no legal rights to collect under the terms of the Versailles Treaty since America had concluded a separate treaty with Germany; the plea that the United States, in a section of the Berlin Treaty, reserves all rights that she would have under her ratification of the Versailles Treaty, is not considered valid without the consent of the signatories of the Versailles Treaty, which consent was never obtained. The equity rights of the United States are not regarded as sound, since the United States has not adhered to the principles of debt liquidation as decided upon by the Allies. The note declares, moreover, that, under an agreement concluded between President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George, America was to have paid into the general reparation fund the value of German shipping seized by her in excess of her losses; but since the United States has disregarded this agreement, her rights in the matter of sharing in the German reparations are affected. A news dispatch states that Great Britain does not challenge the American right to share in the reparation payments to the extent of \$250,000,000, the cost of the American army of occupation; but it does contest the American demand of \$350,000,000 for damage claims of various kinds.

Details of the answer sent by Secretary Hughes on December 11 to Great Britain have not, at this time, been made public. But it is known that the American reply does not accept the arguments advanced in the British communication. It would seem that this Government asserts a legal right to share in whatever the Dawes plan produces, and that no legal right resides with the Allies to enforce any agreement which would preclude payment to the United States. In equity likewise the American claim is asserted to be valid. In general, the United States contends that the Allies cannot come to an agreement whereby they could take all the assets of Germany and leave the United States in the position of not being able to collect and of having no recourse to other measures thought legitimate for the solution of the issue.

**China.**—The situation in China is as complicated as ever. There are no actual wars, but neither is there any

assurance of peace. The great war leaders have met and discussed the national problems, but the external amity is no sign of a true and lasting accord. The troops are still held in readiness for future action. A dispatch to the Japanese *Advertiser* states that Sun Yet-sen will be made head of the Chinese Government. He has been outspoken in his opposition to foreigners. Feng, the "Christian General" is said to be supporting him with an available force of 100,000 men. Rumors of Feng's resignation are constantly arising. He has tendered his resignation, but the Government is said to be afraid to accept it for fear of his active opposition. He has been granted a month's sick leave, whatever that may mean. It is further stated he has been offered a governmental mission of studying foreign military affairs abroad. This would remove him, for a time at least, from the scene of action, probably to the great satisfaction of Chang Tso-lin, who also has nominally resigned as Inspector General of the three Eastern Provinces, but nevertheless virtually retains his control over Manchuria. Another, and very ominous figure that of late has risen into special importance is that of the Soviet Ambassador, M. Karakhan, who is said to be constantly declaiming against "the monstrous pretensions of the imperialistic Powers," and promises the radically inclined students freedom from "international thralldom." Sun Yat-sen, who evidently entertains extensive ambitions, appears to be cut out of the same cloth, or at all events relies on the Soviet support. The belief however, is that Communism will not be acceptable in China. What the people do want is peace, but the dominant war-lords of the country have their own dreams of power or their own plans that they wish to see realized. A revision of the Chinese treaties with foreign Powers is also one of the most acute questions in China today.

**France.**—As a consequence of the recognition by the French Government of the Soviet Government of Russia, and following the arrival in France of the Soviet Ambassador, Krassin, there has been a great deal of Communist activity and Red agitation. On Saturday, December 7, the Government instituted a sudden inquiry into the movements of the Reds and a certain number were placed under arrest, including some members of the Chamber of Deputies. France became alarmed at this development and Premier Herriot expressed himself as prepared to take strong and conclusive measures against all enemies of the Republic, whether of the extreme Left or of the extreme Right, whether Red or Clerical. Although it was the opinion of some that this Red disturbance would weaken the position of the Premier who had caught himself between the two fires of the Reds and the Clericals, others denied this and he received a large vote of confidence in the Chambers on his Red policy. The Gov-

#### *British Note on Reparations*

#### *The Political Whirlpool*

#### *Red Activity*



ernment later stated that this danger had been greatly exaggerated by the Nationalist press.

There have been strong hostile demonstrations against the Premier in the north and northwest of France. M. Herriot went up to Roubaix to attend a banquet of the

#### *Herriot and the Clericals*

Congress of the "Federation of the Lay Societies." He was not only made the mark for a hostile demonstration by the Communists, but by the Clericals also, while the Camelots du Roi all but broke up the procession which had been formed to welcome the Premier. A strong force of police had to be placed along the line of march in order to prevent any attack on the procession. At Quimper tens of thousands of Bretons assembled, dressed in their quaint and picturesque costumes, to express their indignation against the Premier and his anti-Clerical policy. An immense procession was organized after which the crowds were addressed by Mgr. Duparc and other churchmen. A smaller counter-demonstration was held in another quarter of the town by the anti-Clericals, who also had their procession. Trouble was feared and forces of police were called in from the neighboring towns to preserve order. A large military force was placed outside the Cathedral and the police were on duty along the lines of march of the two processions. They kept them both apart. But the Catholics had received orders to abstain from all violence, and order was maintained without difficulty. Near Brest another great demonstration was held against the Government. At Le Folgoet thousands of Catholics of Northern Finistère marched through the streets of the town, escorted by a body of war veterans and led by the Mayors and priests of the different localities. Breton members of Parliament urged resistance to Freemason persecution and protests were voiced against the threatened secularization of Alsace-Lorraine and the revocation of the French representative from the Vatican.

The difficulties connected with the Government's illiberal policy towards the recovered provinces of Alsace-Lorraine came to a head in Parliament on Thursday, December 11.

#### *Alsace- Lorraine*

The Chamber Commission which is working out a new system of government for these provinces contains fifteen members who are native to the provinces. Eleven of these resigned because of the opposition they met with on the part of the majority of the Chamber Commission who are not natives of the provinces. This majority, complained the resigning members, knows nothing about conditions in the recovered provinces and will not listen to advice. Besides, they are going much further in their proposals than Premier Herriot promised the Government would go, but when the Alsace-Lorrainers protested the opposition majority in the Commission voted them down immediately.

A great deal of talk and discussion over the French debt to the United States has continued in spite of the check to American optimism effected by the statement of Premier Herriot as recorded last week.

#### *The French War Debt*

The negotiations in progress between Ambassador Jusserand and Secretary Mellon, as Chairman of the World War Debt Commission, have continued and the French Ambassador may postpone his departure for France which had been fixed for the early part of January, in order to have a further conference with Secretary Mellon after the arrival of instructions from his home Government.

**Germany.**—The Reichstag elections, on December 8, proved very disappointing. They left the political situation in a more chaotic state than had existed before the contest at the polls. None of the three leading republican parties succeeded in obtaining a sufficient in-

#### *Political Confusion*

crease of mandates to insure a firm nucleus for a future coalition, which would naturally embrace Socialists, Centrists and Democrats. To secure a workable majority had been the purpose which prompted President Ebert to dissolve the Reichstag last October, with the hope of thus ending the parliamentary impasse. The enthusiasm with which the first election returns were greeted by the democratic papers soon gave way to a less optimistic mood as political leaders realized that the gains scored by the constitutional parties afforded scant comfort in view of the fact that the Nationalists, the German People's party and the Bavarian People's party, also showed a gain of about a dozen mandates, which more than offset the losses sustained by Ludendorff's party. Out of the 493 Deputies elected to the new Reichstag 208 are counted as members of the monarchical groups or of Foreign Minister Stresemann's German People's party, which he has succeeded in swinging over towards the monarchist side and which in fact displayed the old monarchist colors throughout the electioneering campaign. The Center party showed its strength mainly by holding its electorate and making some modest gains. Perhaps more even than in past years, it retains the balance of power, so that neither monarchists nor Socialists can win their point without Centrist support. The problem is to hold this body together solidly, especially in view of the strong monarchist campaign. The Nationalists efforts will naturally be to win over individual Centrist members, in this way to gain the desired majority which would hand over Germany to the monarchists and imperil or totally destroy over night the work of all these years. Some Catholics at least have in the past joined the Nationalist ranks in spite of the bitter anti-Catholic bias of this party and the attacks made upon the Catholic Church in its official party organs.

On December 10 the German Cabinet met and decided to hand in its resignation. The new crisis was conjured

up by Dr. Stresemann, who is the political weathercock of Germany. His effort to force the issue by thrusting the Nationalists into the Cabinet was summarily checked by Marx, but under the circumstances no satisfactory coalition was possible and so President Ebert accepted the resignation of the Marx Cabinet. The actual date, however, when it was to go into effect was made dependent upon a meeting to be held the following week. It is certain that any new Cabinet will be at the mercy of Marx as leader of the Center party, because of the balance of power he holds in his hands.

**Great Britain.**—The speech from the throne delivered by King George at the opening of Parliament on December 9 was unusually long and detailed. In regard to

*Address from  
the Throne*

the Egyptian question, the speech stated that "the British demands were designed to secure respect for those interests which are of vital importance to my empire." It mentioned the inability of the Government to recommend the Soviet Treaties to Parliament, but declared that "normal intercourse between the two countries shall not be interrupted." Pronouncement was made that the Government intended to proceed with the construction of the naval base at Singapore. Sincere interest was professed in the deliberations of the League of Nations; but a final decision in regard to the Geneva Protocol would not be made until the home Government and the Dominions had had time to examine it thoroughly. The address stated that the guiding principle of the Government would be the establishment of closer cooperation with the Dominions and India for the purpose of forwarding mutual trade and empire settlement. In purely domestic affairs, the speech promised that efforts were to be made to reduce public expenditure and taxation, that some alleviation of the present unemployment and distress would be devised, that housing accommodations would be remedied, insurance and pension systems revised and the public educational system developed.

Debate on the address began immediately. Mr. MacDonald attacked both the foreign and domestic policies outlined by the Government. In the course of his remarks he called attention to the fact that the Parliamentary representation did not reflect the public vote of the country. He ridiculed the decision on the Russian Treaties and urged that there should be no delay in accepting the Geneva Protocol. Mr. Lloyd George, though in some measure approving the address, regretted the omission of all mention of the question of the interallied debts and declared this "to be a matter of the greatest moment for the finance and the trade of the country." On the day following the opening of Parliament, the objection of Lloyd George, contrary to expectation, was brought forward for discussion. Mr. Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer, replying for the Government, declared that "any payment made by our debtors in Europe to their creditors in the United States should be accom-

panied simultaneously *pari passu* by proportionate payments to Britain." This statement was made in reference to the debt negotiations being carried on between France and the United States. He held that the British policy on interallied debts must be based on the principles outlined in the Balfour note: either to obliterate and delete all debts due to Great Britain if debts owed by Great Britain to other nations be treated similarly; or, if this were impossible, to ask and require no more from Europe than the United States should find it necessary to require from Great Britain.

**Switzerland.**—It has been seen that the opposition of the Indian delegates to the proposals of the delegates from the United States for the repression of all abuse in the

*The International  
Opium Conference*

traffic of opium caused a bit of hard feeling in the general meeting of the International Opium Conference held in Geneva on November 28. A voice of opposition to this action of the Indian delegates has been heard in England. The Rev. Hon. Edward Lyttleton, Dean of White-lands College, protested against the opposition of the British officials of the India Office to the American proposals, and praised these latter as the beginning of a step that will be beneficial to humanity. The opposition of the Indian delegates, however, was of no avail, for Stephen G. Porter, representing the United States, received in favor of his proposals the vote of the great majority of the conference. Twenty-six nations voted in favor of the American proposals. India alone voted against them, while nine other States withheld their votes altogether. These were Bolivia, France, Greece, Holland, Portugal, Yugoslavia, Turkey, Australia and Great Britain. Canada and Ireland voted in support of the American motion. Nevertheless, Great Britain defended the act of the delegates from India, stating that they were doing no more than trying to preserve the self-determination of India in her own affairs. This matter, they said, is purely of a domestic character. The last meeting of the conference was fixed for Friday, December 5, but further difficulties arose over the American proposals and discussion and disagreement have carried the affair on to great lengths.

On Tuesday, December 9, Secretary Hughes announced that the Government of the United States has accepted the invitation of the League of Nations to participate in the International conference on traffic in arms, on munitions and implements of war, to be held in Geneva in May, 1925. The acceptance was in the form of a note handed to the Secretary General of the League by Hugh S. Gibson, American Minister to Switzerland. This favorable action of our Government was made known the same day to the Council of the League of Nations which was sitting at Rome. The letter was read to the session of the Council in the afternoon of December 9 and great satisfaction was expressed by all the representatives in attendance.



## Christmas with the Little Christ

CHARLES PHILLIPS, M.A.

THE literature of Christmas is enormous in quantity. Any library shelf will show us books upon books relating to the greatest of all Christian festivals—Christmas stories, Christmas homilies, Christmas legends, Christmas plays and poetry. But there is a whole body of Christmas lore not yet recorded, at least in English print. During the years that I lived in Poland I discovered that that country has a rich store of folk legend relating to Christmas, as yet unknown outside the Polish boundaries.

A certain childlikeness and naïveté characterizes the Polish Christmas lore, a note of simplicity that truly bespeaks the festival of the Christ Child. The source of this is, of course, the peasant. The Polish peasant like every other peasant, stalwart, husky though he be, strong as an ox, canny with the wisdom of the soil, the color of the red earth in his skin and the color of the blue sky in his eyes, is after all only a big child. And he tells and retells, down through the generations, these Christmas legends of his with an appealing credulousness that is not really credulousness at all, but pure faith, a faith that makes Heaven and earth seem very close together.

Like a child, too, he is very precise, very exact, in recounting his stories. There were not merely angels at the birth of Our Saviour; there were 30,000 angels there. There is no mistaking the number; "30,000 angels were crowded into that little stable. They just filled the place with light and they made the softest noises with their wings. They *tried* to be quiet."

Well, these angels were, of course, simply silly over that beautiful Baby. They all wanted to fondle Him—imagine, 30,000 of them!—to play with Him and fuss over Him; they wanted to have a hand, too, in washing and dressing and hushing Him. But the Blessed Virgin was a wise little woman. She said no. "No; not even an angel can take proper care of a baby. Only a mother can do that."

The angels felt a little hurt about that. But they behaved themselves; in fact, after they understood, and had kept very still as long as He lay asleep, they decided, when He awoke, that they must do *something*; they must have some part in this scene of wonder and miracle, the like of which certainly had never been seen in Heaven through all eternity. "So the angels took turn doing their best tricks to make the Little Christ laugh."

Could anything be quainter or more naïve? One can just see those angels "doing their best tricks"—and very

sensibly taking turns, since there was such a host of them—flying backward, perhaps; folding and unfolding their soft white wings with all sorts of sudden lovely surprises and pretty graces; maybe even doing what modern aviators call "falling leaves"? What fun those Polish angels must have had these first Christmas holidays!

There is something pathetic, though, in that word of the Madonna's, "Only a mother can take care of a baby"; for all through Polish lore the orphan, the motherless child with no one to take care of him, is a central figure. "There are no eyes in all the world so sad as an orphan's eyes" one of the peasant-folk tales begins. This persistent presence of the orphan figure in Polish lore has its source, no doubt, in the thousand-year-old history of Polish wars. The country was so often invaded, so often overrun by pillaging aliens, so often put to the sword, that even though the innocents were not always massacred in Herodian fashion, they were left by the countless thousands orphaned and motherless. But, as the legends go, the Blessed Virgin never deserted them; she remained always their mother, and always she was finding friends and mothers for them. Have you not often, early in the morning, as you ventured into your dew-wet garden or walked through the orchard or across the fields, felt a filmy thread of silver cobweb brushing your cheek? Do you know what that really is? According to Polish lore it is a stray thread dropped down from Heaven, from the spinning wheel of Our Lady, who is always busy up there making angel clothes for little orphans who come home to her. But it has not been dropped by accident, that thread from the heavenly woof. No; it has been strung across your path purposely, to remind you, with its ethereal touch, the gentlest, lightest touch on earth, that there are orphans in the world around you, orphans whose Christmas in the soon-coming snows will be bleak and lonely and bitter unless someone take pity on them; just to give you a hint to be good to them.

In most of the Polish Christmas pictures—and Poland is a land of artists and sacred art—the stable of Bethlehem is not the conventional hillside cave of Judea, but a proper Polish peasant stable, log walls, thatched roof and all; and about it are to be seen all the traditional things that crowd a Polish farmyard—the well-sweep, the narrow basket-like wagon, the big vat in which the flax is beaten, the flax which, with its Madonna-blue flower, was first brought to Poland by Our Lady herself, that time she

came in the night with a troop of angel helpers, and showed the poor orphan girl how to spin and weave. And the Christmas shepherds are not Biblical shepherds at all, but good old-fashioned Polish peasants in top boots and gaily embroidered leathern jackets and little round hats; Polish peasants with their offerings of heart-shaped cheeses and beribboned lambs, and even sometimes a furtive bottle of the best vodka! St. Joseph may perhaps be garbed like a Lowich farmer dressed up for Sunday in a fine frogged coat and a still finer display of buttons, and the Blessed Virgin may even be outfitted in a stiff, deeply-folded skirt of bright rainbow wool, its broad stripes of canary and violet and amaranth glowing under the light of angel radiance.

The same local color plays its part in the Christmas dramas which are such a feature of the holiday in Poland, even in the big State theaters. The crib in which the Divine Infant lies is sure to be the most excellent type of a Polish peasant cradle, an exquisite piece of wood-carving brought down from some Tatry mountain village.

One of the loveliest of all the Polish Madonnas is "The Madonna of the Little Shirt"; for the Infant Jesus must of course have a Polish shirt of fine linen, woven from the blessed flax. This picture is the creation of the artist Stachiewicz, who has spent his best energies in collecting and illustrating the folk lore of the peasantry. It represents the Blessed Virgin busy at the clothes-line hanging out that one little shirt, all freshly washed. In the forefront of the picture, squatting in real baby fashion on the ground, sits the naked Baby, playing with his toes.

That most dramatic of all the post-Christmas episodes, the flight of the Holy Family from Herod, figures perhaps more than any other chapter of the Christ story, in Polish lore. The Blessed Virgin hides Him under an aspen tree; and the tree trembles with fear of the terrible king . . . and so it must tremble for all time since. The cuckoo, cowardly bird, seeking to win favor in Herod's eyes, deserts its nest to cry out betraying the hiding place of the holy fugitives. The cuckoo must ever remain a bird without a nest. "Like a frightened quail," as another story puts it, the Madonna seeks shelter under a hazel bush; and the hazel, though it knows well that the wicked Herod, pitiless as lightning, will cut its branches to the quick, will destroy it, to find his prey, bends down nevertheless and conceals the precious ones. Never since has the lightning dared to strike the hazel bush, no matter what other havoc it may wreak in the forest. And when the Child Jesus cries for His supper and the Madonna cannot nurse him for want of food for her own body, the fern offers its roots to feed her, though it must die in so giving itself. So, to this day, the root of the fern is sweet. Many a poor refugee orphan, many a driven mother of Poland in our own day, has found out by stark necessity how sweet the fern root is; for during the World War and the Bolshevik invasions, there were literally thousands who subsisted on the roots of the

forest, digging in the snow in the depths of winter for herbs, eating the bark of the trees and sucking the young saplings when Spring had come. I have seen mothers devouring grass as they held their half-starved infants to their breasts. Even the thistle is blessed, because it withdrew its thorny stalks to let the Blessed Virgin sit down in peace at last and nurse her Baby. From that far off day the leaves of the thistle are beautifully spotted with white, because a drop of the precious milk of the Madonna's virgin breast fell on it in her flight from death.

But it is not all terror and gray tragedy. There is comedy too, as when the Holy Family, making haste across the fields, comes to a poor peasant planting his furrow. "We are lost," says St. Joseph. "Unless you can give us food for our poor driven beast, we can go no further." The peasant has not even enough grain to sow his scanty plot; but he takes pity on the fugitives, nevertheless, and offers them what he has. "Good man, give me a handful of that wheat," says the Blessed Virgin, slipping down from her seat on the ass's back, her Baby on her arm. "While the poor beastie feeds I shall plant your crop for you." And she does; the Little Christ on her hip, in true Polish mother fashion, she treads the open furrows. There is wheat enough and more than plenty to sow whole acres.

Immediately the Holy Family has gone on its hurried way, that wheat begins to sprout, to grow, to push itself up in young, rich, miraculous green, thick and abundant; they are hardly out of sight, the Holy Three, before it is head-high. The peasant stands wonder-stricken. He begins to say a prayer; he begins to guess who those tired wayfarers were. "Hail, Mary . . ." But he is rudely startled from his amazement. A terrible looking king has ridden up, flame in his eyes, flame in his huge charger's nostrils.

Have you seen a man and a woman with a child going along here? Quick! Answer me, fool!

I have, sire, the peasant replies.

Aha! cries the king, I'm on their track at last! When did they pass this way, idiot?

When this crop was planted, sire.

Herod turns another way.

Of all the touching Christmas offerings I have seen in Poland, none remains more vividly in my mind than the gifts of grain placed in the wayside shrines for winter birds. Polish roadsides and crossways are marked everywhere with shrines and crosses. Those brave upstanding signs of Christian faith are very dear to the Polish people, especially because, during the times of the Russian proscription, they were forbidden to repair them or replace them when, weather-beaten and old, they would break or fall. Many a Polish peasant boy risked his life or the Cossack knout, slipping out in the night to make the Christ secure on His cross again, or to mend the broken thatch of the Madonna's little roof. When the snow is knee high along the roads and the shrine a pagoda of drifted whiteness, it is a common sight to see barley grain



and wheat or other foods placed in front of the statue "so that the Little Christ may feed His birds." On Christmas Eve especially these offerings are made wherever a wayside shrine stands by the roads or in the fields.

Our age of unreasoning reason smiles wisely at such things. But surely people who love God and His Blessed Mother so much that, like St. Francis, they cannot forget even the most forlorn of His creatures, the lost birds of wintertime—surely such people are not to be smiled at—wisely, keeping Christ in their hearts as they do, and Christmas as a real festival of love and charity, with Jesus, born in a poor stable at Bethlehem, always its central figure.

## The Holy Year of Jubilee

WILFRID PARSONS, S.J.

ON the afternoon of Christmas Eve, Pope Pius XI, garbed in full pontificals, and surrounded by the whole Papal court, will stand before the *Porta Santa*, the Holy Door, of St. Peter's, and with a silver mallet will knock at the masonry which has blocked up that door for twenty-five years. At the third blow the masonry will crumble, and across the threshold, quickly cleared and washed, the Pope will enter St. Peter's, the first to do so by that door since Pope Leo XIII walled it up in 1900. Thousands upon thousands will follow him, and solemnly the whole gorgeous procession will march through the great Basilica, until it comes to a halt under the mighty dome built by Michael Angelo, over the tomb of St. Peter. First Vespers of Christmas are intoned and the Jubilee has begun.

At the same hour the same ceremony will be repeated by Cardinals deputed by the Pope, at the *Porta Santa* of each of the three other great Basilicas of Rome, St. Mary Major, St. Paul-outside-the-gate, and the Pope's own cathedral church, St. John Lateran. From then on throughout the year 1925 hundreds of thousands of devout pilgrims will make their way to the Holy City, as they have for centuries past, to win precious spiritual graces which the Holy Church unlocks from her treasury. Symbolized by the opening of the *Porta Santa*, the doors of God's mercy will be opened to sinner and saint. He who holds the Power of the Keys, the successor of St. Peter, unlocks to the Church's children the treasures of which he is the guardian. Sceptics will mock, the indifferent will pause a moment to wonder, but those who are fortunate enough to be in Rome next year will come back feeling that they have been close to heaven's door, and that God is still on earth and dwells amongst men for their consolation and spiritual benefit.

What is a Jubilee? The idea of a Jubilee seems to be almost as old as the human race. The seventh day, the seventh year, and the year after seven cycles of seven

years, the fiftieth, were held by the Jews to be sacred. "Thou shalt sanctify the fiftieth year," said God through Moses, "and shalt proclaim remission to all the inhabitants of thy land; for it is the year of Jubilee." (Levit. xxv. 10). Our historical records of the Jubilee in Christian times do not go back very far, and the first recorded Holy Year is that proclaimed by Boniface VIII in 1300. The Holy Year at first was to recur only every hundred years, but it was pleaded that in this case it would be impossible for many to hope to see a Jubilee in their own generation. Fifty years was then set as the period, and later under Paul II, twenty-five years. And twenty-five years the period has remained since the year 1475, with few exceptions. The nineteenth century saw only one Jubilee, in 1825, for the years 1800, 1850 and 1875 were times of great political disturbances. In 1899 Leo XIII proclaimed a Jubilee for the following year, and though he was a prisoner in the Vatican, celebrated it with great pomp in St. Peter's. Most grown-up Catholics now alive remember the occasion.

On Ascension Thursday last our present Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, proclaimed the year 1925, a year of Jubilee. On that occasion he informed the Christian world that the Faithful who come to Rome, and who after confession and communion, make ten visits to the four major basilicas of the City, St. Peter's, St. Paul's, St. Mary Major and St. John Lateran, may gain a plenary indulgence. From the earliest days of the Church it has been the law that those who wish to gain an indulgence, can do so only on performing some pious work. This pious work was commonly either some prayer, or almsgiving, or a pilgrimage to some holy place. The pious work peculiar to the Jubilee indulgence is the pilgrimage to the tombs of the Apostles Peter and Paul. In early days, before railroads and steamships, this was no mean undertaking, yet Kings and Princes, monks and nuns, the wealthy and the poor, undertook the hardship all through the Middle Ages, and later lived and died happy in the knowledge that they had had the privilege to visit the Mother Church of Christendom, hear the voice of the Vicar of Christ and receive his blessing.

Only those who visit the four churches in Rome may gain this indulgence, if they have gone to Confession and Communion, and pray for the intention of the Pope. Those are the four conditions on which the indulgence may be gained. Moreover so anxious have the Popes been that the Faithful come to the center of Christendom, that they have suspended, as has the present Pope, all other indulgences for the living, except those for the Forty Hours, for saying the Angelus daily, and that of the Portiuncula at Assisi in Italy; and also the indulgence given at the hour of death. Indulgences for the dead, however, may be gained as usual, as may those of the living given by Cardinal-legates, Nuncios and Bishops. These restrictions apply to Catholics in all parts of the world,

for the whole year of Jubilee. Later, as was done in 1900, the Pope may probably extend the Jubilee so that it may be gained at home by those who will not have been able to make the pilgrimage to Rome, but would have gone if they could.

Meanwhile through the foresight and kindness of the Pope certain classes of the Faithful can make the Jubilee this year without going to Rome. It will be interesting to recall who these privileged persons are. In general they are nuns, Sisters, Oblates, pious women living in community, and the girls being educated by them and living under the same roof with them; likewise all girls and women boarding in colleges and academies, even in those not directed by religious. Those also have this privilege who, of either sex, are held in captivity or in prison or houses of correction, or are prevented from going to Rome by illness or weakness, and all those who tend the sick in hospitals. Those also who have attained the age of seventy, and those who, earning their bread by daily labor, cannot give up that labor for so long a time, may also gain the Jubilee indulgence without going to Rome. The conditions required for all the persons are of course Confession and Communion, and such other pious works as shall have been prescribed for them by the Bishop or by confessors deputed by him. Moreover, certain privileges in the choice of a confessor are allowed, and the confessors of these persons have more extended faculties than usual. Those who gain the Jubilee in this way are also enjoined by the Pope to pray for the restoration of peace in the world, for the conversion of infidels, and for the freedom of the Holy Land from enemies of the Cross. All this may be found in the constitution *Apostolico Muneri* issued July 30, 1924.

For a whole year then after Christmas, the eyes and thoughts of the Catholic world will be turned toward Rome. Those who actually go to Rome may well be envied. They will see the Pope, hear from the Vicar of Christ words of comfort and blessing, and kneel at the very spot where lie the bones of St. Peter, the Rock on whom Christ built His Church. To gain the indulgence they will visit the four great basilicas: St. Peter's, by far the vastest church in Christendom, with space inside for 80,000 people; St. John Lateran, "Mother and Head of all the churches of the City and the world," the Pope's own Cathedral as Bishop of Rome; St. Paul-outside-the-gates, rebuilt in costly marble after the terrible fire of 1825, not far from the spot where the Apostle of the Gentiles was beheaded; and St. Mary Major, with its relic of the Crib of Christ, its amazing marbles, its roof decorated with gold given by Ferdinand and Isabella from the first gold brought from America. If they have time they will see some others of the 400 churches of the Eternal City, venerate the countless relics of martyrs and saints, stand on the spot where the martyrs shed their blood, walk the streets trod through centuries by holy

men and women, kneel in the Catacombs, relive all the days of persecution and undying faith. Holy Rome!

This is not the occasion for explaining the Church's doctrine on indulgences, nor for defending it against the attacks of those who cannot or will not understand it. Catholics, however, may well be reminded what they gain by making the Jubilee pilgrimage. The Pope promises a plenary indulgence for those who fulfil the requisite conditions. As one who takes Christ's place as ruler of Christians on earth, he has this power in the plenitude of spiritual power given by Christ to St. Peter and his successors in the See of Rome. Catholics know that when they sin mortally they incur the penalty of eternal damnation. When their sin is forgiven by God in confession, their guilt is absolved, and the eternal punishment remitted. There yet remains, however, a temporal punishment still to be undergone. If they die with this punishment still undischarged, they cannot enter God's presence until they have discharged it in Purgatory. They can, however, discharge this sentence while still in this life, and this may be done by indulgences. There yet remain, as it were in a treasury, merits gained on this earth by Christ, His Blessed Mother and the saints, a precious hoard of good works which the Pope allows us to appropriate for our own use by performing such good works, though far less in value in themselves, as he may lay upon us to perform. This "indulgence," this pardon that is, may discharge all the temporal punishment due us, if it is a plenary or "full" indulgence, or if it is a partial indulgence, part of that punishment. An indulgence, then, is not a remission of the guilt of sin, for the simple reason that one cannot gain an indulgence unless he be in a state of grace, with the guilt, that is, of mortal sin, already absolved. Nor is it a permission to commit sin, nor ever was, nor ever will be. One can only become impatient with those who ever said it was such a permission. It is simply, as the Catechism says, "a remission in whole or in part, of the temporal punishment due to sin," of which the guilt is already absolved.

Small wonder, then, that the world will seem to flock to Rome this year to come. In former days when in ordinary times it was much harder to gain a plenary indulgence than it is now, it seemed the greatest event in a man's life, if he could only go to Rome for the Jubilee. It may well be that the faith and devotion of modern Catholics, far from being weaker, are stronger. The scenes witnessed in the last Jubilee would seem to testify to that. This year, too, will undoubtedly witness an outpouring of devotion to the Holy See, of faith and hope and charity, that may well make the unbelieving world rub its eyes and ask if indeed God has abandoned His people. May the opening of the Holy Door of St. Peter's on Christmas Eve let loose a flood of grace that will fill the hearts of believers with love of Christ, and carry to unbelievers the gift that passeth understanding, the gift of faith!



# The Meaning of Christmas

DANIEL M. O'CONNELL, S.J.

THE "Greatest Little Book in the World" is Charles Dickens' Christmas Carol. At least this was the title and theme of an article by A. Edward Newton in the December, 1924, *Atlantic Monthly*. And now, at Christmas of all times, who would wish to engage in an argument? How much more pleasant it were to agree with the same writer, as he declares that "the 'Carol' is Dickens in essence, for in it his love of humanity and his love of fun are all-embracing"; or to grant his seasonal request: "May I hum the first stanza of the 'Carol'?" Postponing disagreement a bit longer, hum for a moment at least, kind folk, that touching theme of the "Greatest Little Book":

What's today, my fine little fellow?

Today! replied the boy. Why, Christmas Day.

It's Christmas Day! said Scrooge to himself. I haven't missed it.

Then count if you can the Scrooges that the "Carol" has converted! Does not every man's heart-strings need tuning be-times? Those false notes of greed and avarice and selfishness are so frequent and quite easily do they escape detection by our self-attuned ears. Let us call a capable outsider. Here then is that unfailing harmony as Mr. Newton sees it:

This is the greatness of the 'Carol': it ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> every one want to make the world a little better—that's the idea; and when every one wants to do a thing, they usually do it.

Let us take care too that we recognize the full historical worth of this small masterpiece. The words of our same friendly critic do not admit a depreciatory note.

Dickens gave Christmas a new meaning: from being merely a festival of the Church, kept to some extent by Church people, he made it a universal holiday, and he did this without in any way derogating from its sacred character. What an achievement!

They would be interesting statistics indeed that would tell us of the thousands, the millions, who have, on reading the "Carol," been moved to exclaim: "It's Christmas Day! I haven't missed it." And a translation of the story is had, we are told, in every known language.

If personal confessions are in place, I reveal that I take great pleasure in perusing it every Christmas. I find it a wonderful tonic. At this same season I like too that there should be snow on the ground; that on the crisp wintry air childrens' voices ring out their shouts of joyful sport; that Christmas trees should be lighted in every home, cheering not only the family within, but the passers-by as well; that more and more toys be invented for young and old; even that shops should lavish money in decorating their windows, all to recall this great December week. These appeal vividly to my senses and feelings. But I never thought that they were other than the fringes of Christmas, its regal equipage. I never dreamt that they

were the essence of the day itself, that they constituted Merry Christmas.

To obtain the real spirit of this holy season, I read the "Greatest Little Story in the World," St. Luke's narrative of the Nativity. That my senses and feelings may be more properly attuned and may serve God's grace as a handmaid to my supernaturally elevated intellect and will, I love to kneel before a realistic crib, such as is described by Papini in his "Life of Christ," and there gaze on the Babe, actually shivering, what time He pleads with His infant eyes that I should love Him and His brother-men. Furthermore, my Christmas would not be complete unless I worshiped in spirit and in truth Bethlehem's newborn Saviour. And so my greatest joy at this holy season is to say my three Masses and actually to receive under the swaddling clothes of the Eucharist Him, whom I believe to be true God and true Man. This I always thought was the essence of the day itself; this, constituted Merry Christmas.

At any rate I know that this was the meaning of the first Christmas to Mary and Joseph; to the shepherds from the hillsides and to the Wise Men from the East, who alike went over

"To the place where God was homeless

And all men are at home."

The first Merry Christmas and the one that has echoed down the Christian centuries was had in the "Carol" of the angelic choir: "This day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord." As a result was promised "peace on earth to men of good will."

Let us grant all we can to Dickens' Merry Christmas as had in Mr. Newton's interpretation and all we can to the spirit that prompts the exchange of gifts and the sending of artistically personal greeting-cards. Grant that these are not in themselves incompatible with the Christmas manger, nor "derogating from its sacred character." Yet my point can be still less disputed that they have narrowly circumscribed the original Christmas; have given it a "new meaning"; have, in making it a "universal holiday," tended to make men forget that it is first and essentially a Holy Day. The philanthropy evoked by the feast is a cause of rejoicing. But more is required for Christ's Mass, for His complete gift of divinity and humanity. The metamorphosis that has happily taken place in the social and industrial order must find its necessary complement in the spiritual metamorphosis that comes of water and the Holy Ghost.

Who can deny that the present widespread observance of Christmas is but a feast day of a pagan humanity? Mr. Newton's concluding paragraph is its fitting oracle:

The "Carol" is a tribute to the race and a glory to the man

who wrote it. Its author turned more or less empty phrases into realities. "Good will towards men," for example, he took out of the clouds, brought it down to earth, and set it to work. What an achievement! When we say, "Merry Christmas," we are unconsciously quoting Charles Dickens, who attached to Christmas its modern habit of giving and forgiving. Had he written only the "Carol," on the basis of good accomplished he would have deserved his place in the Abbey Church of Westminster, where England lays her immortal sons.

In what, then, does such a Christmas differ as a matter of fact from the Fourth of July, the Twenty-second of February, the Twelfth of February? The latter are national holidays; we rejoice in them; we sing the praises of our nation that has bestowed on us such gifts; we have given our heroes memorials and mausoleums, where America lays her immortal sons. Christmas is now on a par with them and for this we are to thank Charles Dickens' "Greatest Little Book in the World" and the happy connotation which he has inseparably attached to Merry Christmas.

Shallow, superficial and at heart selfish, as a man-confined religion is bound to be, the present spirit of "giving and forgiving" has degenerated in too many cases into a veriest bartering of gifts, a playground for cartoonists and "columnists," at the least into a business or social proposition. And where in it all is the finding of the new-born Saviour of men's souls?

But it is an age-old story. Cardinal Newman has told it well and at length in the "Idea of a University." He contrasts the religion of cultured civilization with the religion of Revelation.

This was the quarrel of the ancient heathen with Christianity, that, instead of simply fixing the mind on the fair and pleasant, it intermingled other ideas with them of a sad and painful nature; that it spoke of tears before joy, a cross before a crown; that it laid the foundation of heroism in penance; that it made the soul tremble with the news of purgatory and hell; that it insisted on views and a worship of the Deity, which to their minds was nothing else than mean, servile, and cowardly. The notion of an all-perfect, ever-present God, in whose sight we are less than atoms, and who, while He deigns to visit us, can punish as well as bless, was abhorrent to them; they made their own minds their sanctuary, their own ideas their oracle, and conscience in morals was but parallel to genius in art, and wisdom in philosophy.

And the same is the quarrel of the modern humanitarian with Christmas, as taught by the Catholic Church. She too proclaims and sings Merry Christmas with its royal equipage of holly and fir trees and sleighing bells. But she must go farther, if glory is to be given to God in the highest and true peace is to be had on earth by men of good will. And so she insists on a worship of the Divine Babe as essential: *Venite, adoremus*; on Confession and Communion that we may be *Laeti triumphantes*; on giving and especially on forgiving, not for business gain, but because it is the inexorable demand of Bethlehem's Infant: *Adoremus Dominum*.

Thus it happens though that the earthly religion of humanity breaks farther and farther from the supernatural religion of the God-man. The former usurps

with refined theft the possessions of the latter. Merry Christmas is the greeting of both. But the unfailing criterion is had in the challenge of old to Peter: "Whom do you say that I am?"

## Some Confused Genealogies

SIR BERTRAM WINDLE, F.R.S., M.A., M.D., Sc.D., LL.D.,  
PH. D., K.S.G.

IN a recent article, Professor Henry Fairfield Osborne of the National Museum expresses himself in very confident terms as to the discovery at perhaps no distant date of the Tertiary ancestors of mankind in the high plateau region of Central Asia. That statement of opinion is accompanied by another to which some attention should be paid. For the Professor remarks that "the arboreal theory of man's origin has been given up," and adds that "his ancestors, if tree-living, left their trees in the middle period of the Age of Mammals." When the Darwinian hypothesis was at its hey-day one of the chief occupations of its adherents was the study of phylogeny or, to make matters clearer, genealogy, the descent of things from their earliest ancestors. It must be obvious that if, as the theory teaches, all living things have come from one or a few points of origin it ought to be able to trace each living thing back along its path until eventually we arrive at that point from which it started. It ought, we say, to be possible to do this, but so far the success has not been so great as to offer much encouragement. In fact one sometimes thinks that there is as little stuff in these genealogies as it is sometimes said there is in many of the British peerages with their mythical ancestors for living men. Du Bois Reymond, one of the greatest biologists of his or indeed of any day, did not hesitate to say that much phylogeny had about as much scientific value as the pedigrees of the heroes of Homer.

Liebmann, the philosopher, said that it did nothing but set up "a gallery of ancestors." If it did that and established their verity it would have done a great deal, but Driesch remarks in this connection that "this gallery of ancestors set up in phylogeny is not even certain; on the contrary it is absolutely uncertain and very far from being a fact. For there is no sound and rational principle underlying phylogeny; there is mere fantastic speculation." One is inclined to believe this when one bears in mind what Bateson has shown about sweet peas. One goes into a museum and sees *Galus Bankiva*, the alleged ancestor of the domestic fowl in the middle of a glass case with all his alleged descendants all round him in the alleged order of relationship. Well: then one goes to the sweet-pea and considers the inevitable order in which its varieties would have been arranged and discovers that that order would have been absolutely wrong. For we know all about the sweet-pea since it was introduced into England—by a Franciscan Friar by the way—as the Wild Sicilian Pea



and we know from the florists exactly how the varieties have arisen and in what order; not the order according to the rules of the game as played but after all the order in which things did actually happen.

Now one of the great scenes of construction of pedigrees was that where the gap comes between vertebrates and invertebrates. The former being the higher and more complicated would appear to have descended from the latter. How and where? That has been a matter of great dispute and still is. Driesch enumerates six different pedigrees each of which has in its own day and by its own supporters been regarded as "proved." Mark the word! These pedigrees are very diverse. We are led by one to the amphioxus or Lancelet, a tiny fish-like creature; by another to worms; by another to spiders; again to crayfishes; or even to star-fish larvae. It is clear that this almost incredible diversity of opinion means only one thing, namely, that no one knows how the transition came about nor where, always presuming that it did come about.

Of course, another of the great scenes of construction is that where the origin of man is under consideration. We are not going to discuss the theory that his bodily part had an animal origin. The theory assumes that it did have such: we are going to consider what it has done with that assumption. Darwin of course held that far back in the history of the world a certain stem of animals diverged in two directions, one eventually to end in man, the other eventually to terminate—up to date—in the anthropoid apes. The hypothetical anthropoid ancestor was held to be "probably arboreal" and that phrase runs through a great deal of the literature of the subject from that day to this. That for example is the view of the learned Dr. Gregory of the National Museum who maintained (in 1916) that the ancestors of man "were in fact heavy-jawed, stout-limbed, tailless and semi-erect anthropoid *Catarrhinae*."

Of course we expect to get some information as to how and why the arboreal creature did what no other arboreal creature is known to have done, namely descend to earth to make his habitation there instead of in the safe retreat of his trees. We have a reason offered to us by Professor Carveth Read. This misguided ancestor suddenly discovered that he had "a special liking for animal food." Dr. Harry Campbell, a man well known for a highly developed scientific imagination, agrees that it was "the abandonment of an arboreal for a terrestrial life in the search after animal food which determined man's evolution from the ape." He adds the remark that "only a being possessed of prehensile hands, capable of giving effect to the dictates of mind could evolve into man." There is not so far as we are told one single grain of evidence for any of this. Why, we may ask, should the ape leave his safe retreat where he has an ample supply of the kind of vegetable food which he liked and which all his kind today like? Where did he acquire this sudden craving for a meat diet, and how? What it comes to is this: the theory

that man came from an anthropoid ancestor has got to be sustained some way and it must be shown why he came down from his trees. Let us play—as the children put it—that he came down because he was tired of green things and wanted good red meat. Further back than this we are told that the stem works through the Lemurs and in the most recent book on the subject by Professor Elliot Smith there is a charming little picture of a Lemur, called *Tarsius*, understood to be a very far off grandmother, for the creature in the picture has its baby with it. And that picture almost reconciles us to anything in the way of phylogeny. Let us not forget that it was Haeckel who led us to the Lemurs and that one of his innumerable imaginary links was a group of creatures called *Lemuravida*, a group by the way which never existed outside the heated imagination of that writer. In this particular book on the origin of man, containing unproved assertions galore, Haeckel wrote in a fashion "perhaps without parallel for its blind dogmatism, its crudity of assertion, and its offensive discourtesy to all opponents." So writes Professor Wood Jones, then of the University of London, in a little work in which he too gives his adhesion to the arboreal theory and says that man's arm bones are of such a character as to make it clear that he never went on all fours. Curiously enough at about the same time that he was publishing this another distinguished professor of the same university was publishing his views that man had originated as a *Plantigrade* animal—walking like a bear does—somewhere along the sea-shores. And now we have Professor Osborne telling us that the arboreal theory is abandoned. If so, down also goes the great "butcher's meat" theory to account for the evolution of man. What again we learn from all this is that "all that we know is nothing can be known" so far. What light future researches may throw into these dark places time alone can tell, but up to date it must be admitted that there is a considerable amount of confusion in connection with these genealogical researches.

## Religious Freedom in Mexico

C. M. DE HEREDIA, S.J.

THE National Eucharistic Congress held in the City of Mexico late this Fall has been indeed a revelation. It has demonstrated what Mexican Catholics can accomplish despite opposition of the "Reds" and, also, what the "Reds'" interpretation of "religious freedom" is. The Mexican Constitution of 1917 provides:

The expression of ideas shall not be the subject of any judicial or executive investigation, unless it offend good morals, impair the rights of third parties, incite to crime, or cause a breach of peace. (Art. 6)

It is, therefore, entirely lawful for any person living in Mexico to express his ideas in public and to show what he thinks, politically, religiously or otherwise, provided he does not offend the law.

The average person would never claim that to drape a window with flags and display therein the photograph, say, of President Coolidge is an "act of worship"; he would readily agree that such action is merely a manifestation of political ideas. The normal man would say, too, that it would be merely the expression of a religious idea, and not an "act of worship," for a Catholic to adorn his window, let us say, for such an occasion as the Holy Name conference, hanging therein, perhaps, a placard reading "Blessed be His Holy Name!" The Mexican Constitution permits such manifestations or displays, and no one, not even the President himself, has a right to prevent anyone from decorating his window and manifesting his Catholic beliefs. On the contrary, there is an obligation to protect the persons wishing to make such demonstrations against anyone who attempts to hinder one from exercising this right.

It was in line with this very idea that, after mature deliberation and consultation, the organizing committee of the National Eucharistic Congress sent out circulars recommending that the Catholics of Mexico City decorate their homes with banners and placards in honor of Our Lord, made for the occasion, during the week of the Congress.

The response from the inhabitants of the Capital was such as to be a revelation to all. More than 200,000 out of a quarter of a million homes, were profusely decorated, in honor of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. The public buildings, vacant properties, and some few others, alone showed no sign of the general joy of the city on this occasion.

The "Reds" were taken by surprise. They had no idea that the Eucharistic Congress would bring out in so widespread a manner the fact that the majority of Mexicans are not only Catholics who are proud of their Faith, but are ready to demonstrate in spite of anti-Catholic threats and the narrowness of the law, that they love Christ and are not ashamed to confess Him before the world. The "Reds" were at a loss as to what to do. Indeed, many of their own homes had been decorated by their own wives and children. President Obregon himself had to take his family out of the city because his wife, a good Catholic, had resolved to decorate their private residence in honor of Our Lord.

Not only did this public manifestation of "Catholic ideas" trouble the "Reds," but they were incensed by the acts of worship going on inside the churches in honor of Our Lord. But the law from the Mexican Constitution reads:

Every one is free to embrace the religion of his choice and to practise all ceremonies, devotions or observances of his respective creed, either in places of worship or at home, provided they do not constitute an offense punishable by law. Every religious act of public worship shall be performed strictly within the places of worship, which shall be at all times under governmental supervision. (Art. 24).

This strange Constitutional provision may surprise the

American citizen, who interprets "religious freedom" very differently. Nevertheless, the Committee actually succeeded in having every act of public worship "performed strictly within" the churches. But precisely that which happened inside the churches was what troubled the anti-Catholics most.

The ancient Mexican Cathedral, the largest church in America, was beautifully decorated with curtains of damask in white and red, the colors of the Congress. A magnificent *ostensorium*, expressly manufactured for the occasion in the city of Puebla, enclosed the Consecrated Host. This huge monstrance, six feet high, weighed 864 pounds, consisting of 12 pounds of 20-carat gold and the rest pure silver, embellished with a hundred or more diamonds, emeralds and rubies, and was valued at \$60,000. The decoration of the Cathedral, including the installation of new electrical fixtures, cost more than \$90,000. These expenses, including the expense of the Congress, were raised by public subscription in a very few days.

The Congress opened in the Cathedral, and inside the church were gathered more than 12,000 who had been admitted by special ticket; while outside, in the great public square, were gathered more than 100,000 persons who could not gain admission. Twenty-two archbishops and bishops, three of them Americans, were present at the ceremony.

Nor is this all. Mexico City, with a population of 1,000,000, has over one hundred churches and chapels. In every church, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed during the entire week of the Congress. People of all classes, eager to manifest their love for Christ, received Holy Communion daily; on a single day more than 60,000 children—both boys and girls garbed in white—received the Blessed Sacrament. The total Communion distributed in Mexico City during this week numbered over 3,000,000. Every Catholic in the city made several visits daily to the Blessed Sacrament, and there was a constant stream of people going about from church to church day and night, engaged in adoration of the Holy Eucharist. Masses were celebrated, in every church, simultaneously with the Cathedral Mass, and every church was crowded to the doors. It was like a great religious fair or pilgrimage continuing for a week. Never before has a similar manifestation of faith in Christ Our Lord been seen in America, as the American bishops present can testify.

The law was observed so punctiliously and all was carried out in such an orderly manner that the "Reds" feared no opportunity would present itself for accusing Catholics of offenses against the Constitution and stirring up legal disturbances. Naturally, they were determined to create such opportunities if they did not actually exist, and accordingly they went to President Obregon and complained that images of the saints had been exposed in certain windows and that such an act was against the law. President Obregon issued a decree on the fourth day of the Congress, stating that it had broken the law, and commanding



the General Procurator to prosecute not only those who had exhibited the images of saints in their windows but also the members of the Committee, as instigators of this offense against the law.

And what happened? The poor, the peons, and the workmen, and their families, who according to President Obregon have been slaves and should be liberated by the "Reds," were prosecuted by order of Obregon because "they were expressing their ideas" showing that they were Catholics!

These very people who know their rights now, because of the preaching of the "Reds," decided to show that they did not fear Obregon and, next day, in the windows of every home among the poor there appeared images of every saint that could be produced on such short notice. It was one great protest against this "interpretation of the law by Obregon." Officers of the law were busy in certain sections of the city ordering the people, in the name of the law, to take the images out of their windows. The people quickly obeyed but upon the departure of the policeman the images appeared again at the windows. Peons and workmen were laughing at Obregon who could not prevent the demonstration. Obregon threatened to send them to jail, they laughed again, because another penitentiary would have been needed to accommodate more than 200,000 workmen and peons who were accused of breaking the law.

Archbishop Ruiz, head of the Committee, came forward, and issued a circular to the Catholics, recommending that they take from their windows the images of the saints, but leave there the placards, banners, and other decorations, which were lawful. This recommendation of the Archbishop was obeyed, and Obregon felt both relieved and humiliated; he was not able to carry out his threats; peons and others had their quiet laugh at Obregon and the "Reds," who, although they had formulated the Constitution and interpreted it against Catholics and are in power, could do nothing against practically the entire population of Mexico City, which is Catholic and loves and honors Christ Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

#### COMMUNICATIONS

*The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department*

##### A New Field for Catholic College Graduates

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In an editorial of an American newspaper I once read: "We live fast . . . we go as far and as fast as any foreigners, and then a little farther and faster." No reasons were advanced in proof of the statement. To the editor it was an evident fact.

May I propose in support of this characterization of the American people what seems to me fundamental in American life, I mean, the proverbial keenness of the American mind in sensing, as it were, what is practical and of pressing need to a community or a nation.

In illustration of my observation I refer to a communication, in the issue of AMERICA for November 29, under the caption, "A

New Field for Catholic College Graduates," in which the writer gave first hand testimony of educational conditions in the Philippines and the resultant losses from the secularization of their schools.

A native-born Filipino, I can assure your readers that the influence of secular education on the youth of our Islands can in no way be minimized and I therefore commend most heartily the timeliness of the communication, which comes from the pen of one who for three years was in close contact with the Filipino youth and is fully conversant with conditions obtaining in our public schools.

I am glad to endorse the writer's suggestion of bringing to the attention of American Catholic graduates the reality of this new field for Catholic educators.

Woodstock, Md

A. CONSUNJI, S.J.

##### The Catholic Missionary Knitting Guild

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Thanks to your kind assistance, the Guild for knitting gloves, sweaters, shawls and other comforts for Catholic missionaries in cold climates has already added to its corps of zealous workers and its store of wool to be made into garments. Please note that our location is at No. 132 East Fifty-Sixth Street, New York, not Forty-Sixth Street, as stated, where all communications should be sent.

New York.

(Mrs.) THOMAS B. JONES.

##### Where Was the Catholic School System Begun?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Just to show when and where the Catholic Educational system in America commenced, please let me give the following facts relating thereto:

Father Rivet conducted a school in Vincennes, Indiana, in 1795, for Indians and whites. In 1823 the Sisters of Charity opened a school in Vincennes. Bishop Bruté in 1834 inaugurated his free school system for Catholic and non-Catholic boys and girls and also a night school.

Maryland and Massachusetts please stand by.

New Albany, Ind.

JOS. BURNS.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

If Mr. Thomas F. Meehan and myself are wrong, as Mr. Charles N. Lischka of Washington contends in the issue of AMERICA for November 22, anent the question: "Where Was the Parish School System Begun?" then I contend, in turn, that Mr. Lischka is wrong. In the beginning of the eighteenth century, Father Sebastian Râle had a parish school of Indian neophytes in the little village of Norridgewock, Maine. A century previous to this again, the first priests sent out by the French Government to Quebec gathered around them the children of the pioneer settlers and instructed them in the three R's and yet a fourth R—Religion, in the old town by the St. Lawrence. Even a century previous to this, the Spanish padres in Mexico taught parish schools.

I will certainly concede, with the correspondent from Washington, that the Fathers of the Society of Jesus should be given first credit, although this was not the only Order that established parish schools in the pioneer days.

When I undertook to defend Lowell, I had in mind the continuity of a parish school system. Boys and girls were continuously instructed here from 1829 to the present day by Catholic priests and lay people in old St. Patrick's. The schools were always in the shadow of the church on the "Acre." Can St. Mary's school in Philadelphia boast the same continuity?

Lowell, Mass.

GEORGE F. O'DWYER.

## AMERICA

A - CATHOLIC - REVIEW - OF - THE - WEEK

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1924

Entered as second-class matter, April 15, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on June 29, 1918.

Published weekly by The America Press, New York

President, RICHARD H. TIERNEY; Secretary, JOSEPH HUSSEIN;  
Treasurer, GERALD C. TREACY.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS, POSTPAID:

United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly, \$4.00  
Canada, \$4.50 - - - - Europe, \$5.00

## Address:

Suite 4847, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.  
Telephone: Murray Hill 1635

CABLE ADDRESS: CATHREVIEW

*Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.*

*A copy of the index for Volume XXXI of AMERICA will be mailed to any subscriber on application to the publication office, Grand Central Terminal, New York City.*

## At the Crib

IN this gracious, hallowed season, our thoughts are turned to the Crib and Bethlehem. Joseph, anxiously seeking a refuge in the little town, received no welcome. Outcasts from the city of their fathers, he and his ever-blessed spouse go out into the darkness to find a shelter in a place of beasts. And there He who for our sins deigned to take upon Himself our humanity, was born as a child of the poor, born as a child of outcasts. He came unto His own but His own received Him not. They persecuted Him. The manger is His throne, pain and poverty His courtiers. Soon the shepherds will come and the Wise Men from the East. And then . . . the pursuivants of Herod, the voice in Rama, the journey into a far land.

There is no bitterness in our hearts as we kneel at the crib on Christmas Day, repeating the story ever old and ever new of the coming of the Christ Child to His people. We will try to understand why He chose persecution and suffering for Himself, for His Blessed Mother, for St. Joseph, for His Apostles, for all who through them should believe in Him. In the presence of the Divine Babe and His sweet Mother, we ask that we may learn the lesson of forgiveness so that we too may pray for all who use us in hatred and despite; even as at the end He begged forgiveness for those who encompassed His death.

There too let us ask that the peace and calm of Bethlehem may be given to all whom we love, but in especial measure to the old, the sick, and to all who suffer persecution for His Name. May He bless our little children and

our schools and our patient, self-sacrificing religious teachers; our priests and our Bishops; our brethren in the Faith throughout the world that they may be strengthened, and all who sit in the darkness of unbelief and error that they may speedily be brought into the glorious light of the Faith; our fellow-citizens that we may dwell with them and they with us in peace and harmony; our beloved country, that she may fulfil to the end the mission entrusted to her.

Christ is born in Bethlehem of Juda: come, let us adore! O Babe of Bethlehem, the world is sick and weary, and hearts are heavy. Touch us with Thy Little Hand, as we kneel at the crib with Mary and Joseph, and make us to know that in Thee alone is the Way, the Truth, the Light!

## Is Bigotry on the Wane?

IS hatred of the Catholic Church decreasing in the United States? To this question only a nation-wide survey conducted on strict scientific principles could return a satisfactory answer. It is not likely that this survey will be made; it would be very costly, and it would probably be out of date by the time of its publication. But the results of a recent privately-conducted survey indicate that hostility toward the Church is certainly much greater than it was in 1914. Has it decreased during the last two years? That it is increasing in the smaller towns and in the rural districts, but decreasing in the centers of population, is a generalization which seems admissible.

One cause of this deplorable condition was pointed out at the Atlanta Conference of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ. "The rural and small town church," reported Dr. Warren H. Wilson, of the Presbyterian Board of Missions, "lacks religion. Certain ministers who go out preaching race and religious hatred are supported by their congregations in what they do." It is quite possible that some of these clergymen who thus lend themselves to the truly diabolical work of stirring up discord among brethren, are too ignorant to be fully aware of the fearful harm they cause. For others this excuse cannot be offered. When whole districts can be fanned into a flame of hatred against Catholics and the Church, the impartial observer must conclude that the authors of the conflagration are either insane or deliberately malicious. No one who has ever lived in the rural districts, particularly in those States where the standards of culture and morality are low, can fail to recognize the truth of the observations made by Dr. Wilson.

Yet it would be an error to conclude that this hateful spirit of bigotry is wholly confined to the small towns. The editor of the religious weekly circulating chiefly in the Eastern States who remarked during the Presidential campaign, "I believe in the American principle of religious liberty, but I am one of those millions of Americans who under no conceivable circumstances would vote for



a Roman Catholic," was a stranger to the spirit of that principle, but he knew the minds of his constituents. Both he and they are out of place in the United States. "As a nation we began by asserting that 'all men are created equal,'" wrote Lincoln in his famous letter on the Know-Nothing movement. ". . . When the Know-Nothings get control it will read 'All men are created equal, except Negroes and foreigners and Catholics.'" In Lincoln's opinion, this was an Americanism spoiled by "the base alloy of hypocrisy."

### Victims of Persecution

THE private survey to which reference has been made, included reports of discrimination against Catholics in practically every large city in the country, not excepting even Boston and New York which, by popular but inaccurate tradition, are "ruled by Catholics."

Of these cases perhaps the most pitiable were found among that down-trodden, under-paid, and over-worked class, our teachers. The teacher "dropped" by a school-board without a hearing may suffer an injury that is irreparable. As Stephen Leacock once wrote, the market for teachers just at present is cheap, and when boards can take their choice, they are not apt to engage the teacher who must "explain" why she is seeking a new position. In one instance reported, a young woman who on answering that she was a Catholic, was told that there was no room for Catholics in the schools of that town, referred the matter to the local district attorney for presentation before the grand jury. In this case, the insulting remark had been made, unluckily for the schoolboard official, in the presence of witnesses. Others have preferred to suffer in silence, in the persuasion, probably well-founded, that it would be futile to seek legal redress. A well-known Eastern agency for teachers admitted last August that an unusually large number of applications from private schools and from rural boards were endorsed, either explicitly or by implication, "For this work we do not care to consider any application from a Catholic."

When, and at what degree of excess, is this bitter spirit to end?

It may be frankly admitted at the outset that Catholics will always be subject to some persecution. That much seems clear from the prophecy of our Blessed Saviour. "The servant is not greater than his Master," He said. "If they have persecuted me they will also persecute you . . . But all these things they will do to you for my name's sake; because they know not Him that sent me." The words were spoken primarily of the Apostles, but they have their application to all who are minded to follow Him whose Divine lips spoke them. There is a fallacy, if not a heresy, in the creed of "be good and you will be happy," if happiness is made to consist in the favor of the world and freedom from persecution. The

Founder of the Church promised a Cross, not comfort, to His followers. It was left for popular Protestantism to discern in temporal prosperity an infallible sign of Divine favor upon men and nations. Hence Catholics, as a rule, come to look upon persecution in one or other of its varied forms, as inseparably connected with the practise of religion. It has always existed, it will always exist.

### The Duty of Resistance

YET at times it may become an imperative duty for Catholics to fight persecution and to do all in their power to ward it off. When the wrongs we suffer are wrongs that are largely personal, prudence, charity and good sense may counsel silence. But if there is question of our rights as citizens, or of attacks upon our schools and our refuges for the weak and the helpless, then, always saving the authority of those whom the Holy Ghost has set over the people of God, to judge and to direct, resistance becomes a duty.

When Catholics fight for their rights as American citizens, rights guaranteed by the Federal and by the respective State Constitutions, they are really doing battle for the rights of every American citizen irrespective of his creed. Catholics in the United States now number about 23,000,000. The nation in which more than one-sixth of the population suffers its rights to be impaired or destroyed without a vigorous protest, is itself in danger of destruction. Hence it follows that resistance to unjust aggression may be a civic as well as religious duty, necessary for the general good of the community. In this reflection certain non-Catholics who affect to feel, or really feel, alarm at what they term "Catholic activities" may find a sedative for their fears.

In this day and country, acceptance of persecution may sometimes be mistaken for approval or tolerance of the principle by which the persecution is actuated. "When the mob used to attack our houses," an old Italian religious once remarked, referring to a certain tumultuous section of that beautiful country, "we used to bow our heads and say 'It is the Will of God.' But now I doubt. Perhaps our submission encouraged the mob. It might have been better had we taken the American way and fought back." Perhaps. The Saint of Saints gave Himself meekly into the hands of His persecutors to be scourged. But his great lion-hearted follower, St. Paul, would not suffer himself to be beaten with rods at Jerusalem, asserting his rights as a Roman citizen. "Immediately, therefore, they departed from him that were about to torture him." When his time was come to go to his beloved Master, he cheerfully laid his head upon the block. But whenever the interests of religion demanded resistance, St. Paul stood forth without fear to wrest from magistrates or mob complete respect for the least of his rights.

## Literature

### The Vision of Maleel

THE word of the Lord that came to Maleel, the son of Phanar, in the day that the Lord spoke to Abraham saying: In thee shall all the kindred of the earth be blessed.

Give ear, all ye inhabitants of the land. The days of my people are numbered. Twice the cup of the years of Jared are poured out, the long winter is as one dead, the breath of the spring is in all living things, the blood of the patriarchs has flowed into the veins of the kings, the seed of the kings has blossomed into a bud.

Night sits on the white hill in which there are many caves. There is one cave in the white rock and over the mouth of the cave is a mantle of wood. My eyes pierce through the hewn trees into the alcove of lime.

A daughter rests upright on the straw. The blue mantle falls from her shoulders for she is weary. Her eyes look level before her; they are brown eyes luscious as bursting grapes in milk-white wool. She stirs not; she is watchful, she waits, her brown eyes waver not. Her face is of ivory, tinted. Her hands are clasped to her lips.

She is wedded, she is a virgin.

A man stands before her, his shoulders like a beetling cliff. His beard curtains from seamed cheeks, his lips are sucked in, his eyes are peaceful flames. His sandals have on them the brown dust of many roads. He is a just man, with a heart of burnished gold, with a soul of crystal water that has seeped through rock.

An ass brays because it is footsore from long walking; an ox is munching its cud.

Tapers burn in the black night above the cave in the white hill. From the khan mingle the shouts of men and the cries of beasts; there is no more room; the innkeeper merrily jangles the coins in his bag. The house-doors of the village are sealed; they are signed with the frown of the Lord, for they were closed to the stranger that asked lodging. They will open to the mailed foot of the soldier; from them will be hurled the slaughtered man-child; through them will grope the mother bewailing her babe.

There is a city to the north, a royal city with its minarets

in the clouds, its walls of rock builded on living stone. It is an opal in the moon. Behold. Like a cloud of fleece rises the soul of the city; the angel of its holy place darts upwards as a shooting star falls downward; the archangel whose sword gleams before its gates flows like lightning across the face of the heavens. The royal city is widowed in the night.

Black clouds are piled on clouds of ebony, both where the sun rises and where it sets. I see not the dimpling of the waters nor the waves of the hills. But the hearts of men I see; they burst with the gloom of the black clouds.

A blue star in the east makes sparkles in the sands of the desert. It beckons haste to three caravans of camels that dig furrows in the soft sand. One of the caravans is heavy with polished gold, and one is fragrant with bitter frankincense and one with the aromatic myrrh of ointments. The star is mirrored in the upturned eyes of three kings.

A pillar of fire rears before the shepherd-band in the open field. The watchers fear with a great fear. The voice of a gentle breeze calms their tempest of souls. The curtains of the sky are drawn, the heavens stand uncovered, a great white conflagration of living light kindles. There is sweet melody afar, there is tumultuous harmony near. The ears of the shepherds weep with the silvery words, "Glory to God . . . Glory to God . . . Glory to God . . . peace . . . peace . . . peace . . ."

A sun bursts through the covers of the night. It is in the cave on the white hill, it is from the cave, it is the eyes of the child, a new-born child with his limbs bound tightly with woolen bands, resting on the yellow straw of the manger, burning like a red ruby in pure gold, fresh like the dew upon the lily, clear as a lonely star.

The mother who is the virgin clings to the board of the manger; her eyes have shed their weariness. The bearded man weeps. The ox and the ass blow white breaths against the child.

The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib. Hear, O ye Heavens, and give ear, O earth, for the Lord hath spoken.

FRANCIS X. TALBOT, S.J.

### MEDIEVAL CHRISTMAS CHANT

*In dulci iubilo glad ye, be merry, lo!  
Our hearts' own sweet delight lies in praesepio,  
Shines there as sun so bright Matris in gremio.  
Alpha en est et O: Alpha en est et O.*

*O Ihesu parvule, born us on Christmas Day,  
Take Thou this heart of mine, o puer optime,  
Make it be always Thine, tu, princeps gloriae.  
Trahe me post te, trahe me post te.*

*Ubi sunt gaudia like to these wonders? Ah!  
Cherubim singing shout nunc nova cantica—  
Jubilees ringing out in Regis curia:  
Deo sit gloria! Deo sit gloria!*

TARCISIUS RATTIER, O.S.A.



## SAID THE INN-KEEPER

I cannot take these poor;  
They do not pay;  
They brand the house, they bring disgrace;  
I had to send that pair away. . . .  
And yet there was a strange look on her face,  
This girl who kept her eyes upon the floor,  
So strange I stopped a space  
Before I sent them from the door.

What could I do?  
A man must make a living while he may,  
And trade is trade, and money, too,  
And sentiment is not, I say.

And yet this girl was strangely fair:  
She shivered in the doorway there,  
And once she raised her eyes to mine. . . .  
I bowed; I would have knelt, I swear,  
But at the table some poor lout  
Made cry for wine  
And broke the spell. . . .

I saw the poorness of the pair  
And put them out.

And I did well.  
Two merchants took the great room overhead.  
It is my principle: I buy and sell  
And give my pity to the dead.

And yet this girl, this girl. . . .  
I turned her from my door,  
But she looked back with kindly eyes  
And fairer than before,  
And went away  
As if she walked with emperors  
And was a queen, and all the world was hers!

What could I say?  
A man must make his living while he may.

MYLES CONNOLLY.

## A NIGHT FOR LITTLE LAUGHING THINGS

Around the edge of the moon-splashed hill,  
The little winds hurry by.  
"Where are you going?" I call after them,  
And over their shoulders comes the laughing reply,  
"We are running over to Bethlehem,  
To sing a sweet, little lullaby!"  
A wonderful star glides among the small stars,  
Who dance at the message it brings.  
"What are you doing, you silly stars?"  
And down the small winds their laughter rings,  
"We are dancing because within an old cave  
There are angels with folded wings."  
On the star-swept hill are tired, happy lambs,  
Whose mothers are guarding their sleep.  
"Why are you watching? Can you not rest?"  
I ask the wakeful mother sheep.  
"Because we, too, like the wee lamb of God's  
Own Mother, a vigil of fear must keep!"  
In the dim, snowy woods are small, shaggy trees  
That quiver with delight.  
"What is the matter?" I whisper to them.  
Then the laughter of voices young and bright  
The small winds bring, and they say, "Children come  
To choose Christmas trees for tonight."  
On the desert are men with little-child hearts,  
And child-like men on the hill.  
"Where are you riding?" I ask the rich, and  
"Where are you walking?" the poor. "Peace, be still,  
And open your heart to the tidings we bring  
To God's children of good will!"  
Oh, how I wish I were little, too,  
With trustful humility!  
With the laughing winds and the stars and the lambs  
And the trees and the children filled with glee,  
I should laughingly run to Bethlehem  
To the Little One waiting for me!  
In the way of the little laughing things,  
I would run through the stars and the snow,  
"Where are you going in such foolish haste?"  
The wise ones would ask, though they never can know.  
I would run through the years and into death's arms,  
Laughing, "Oh, hurry, to God I must go!"

SISTER M. ELEANORE, C.S.C.

## THE LONELY CRIB

I pity the slender Mother-maid  
For the night was dark and her heart afraid  
As she knelt in the straw where the beasts had trod  
And crooned and cooed to the living God.

And I pity Saint Joseph whose heart wept o'er  
The ruined stall and the broken floor  
And the roof unmended for Him and her,  
And to think himself was a carpenter!

O Thrones, Dominions, spirits of power,  
Where were you there in that bitter hour!  
And where the Cherubim wings withal  
To cover the wind-holes in the wall!

Three lambs, a shepherd-boy brought, and these  
Were Powers and Principalities;  
And Ariel, Uriel, angels bright,  
Were two frail rays from a lantern light.

The faded eyes of a wondering ass  
Were dreamy mirrors where visions pass.  
And a poor old ox in the stable dim,  
His moo was the song of the Seraphim!

LEONARD FEENEY, S.J.

## REVIEWS

**Woodrow Wilson.** By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE. New York: Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$5.00.

If the League of Nations survives as a practical means of world peace, Woodrow Wilson will live in fame. This is William Allen White's conclusion. For to the ideal of a League of Nations, Wilson gave the best that was in him. He went down to defeat and humiliation because he clung tenaciously to the Covenant even above the Treaty. This of course is now history. But the man who figured in this making of history, not quite a year dead, is made to live again with the events that are so close to us and yet seem so distant. Mr. White has achieved that in as good a biography of Wilson as has yet appeared. He has both visualized and vivified Wilson as the Presbyterian and the Celt, the man convinced of his own righteousness, distant, aloof, apart from men though in sympathy with mankind, the dreamer, the visionary, the leader who called to a new crusade. With no political experience he went from the school-room to the executive mansion first of the State and then of the nation. Whenever he met in hand-to-hand combat he failed, and on the contrary when his battle was one of ideas he was to a great extent triumphant. As strange a blend as any that human nature can show, he moved through the world of men and yet was never a fellow with his fellows. A splendid general when everything was in his favor, by far the greatest leader of war-thought, yet a pitiable failure in the battle of diplomats, of the Senate and the disillusioned American people.

His ruthlessness in wrecking old friends and breaking old friendships makes him a sorry sight as a man. His boast of possessing a first-class mind when what he really had was a splendid one-track mind, defeated his loftiest purposes. William Allen White is sympathetic yet impartial, fearless in holding up the glaring character defects and painstaking in showing the good qualities that went into the composite of a leader who led in one of the greatest periods of American history. This is not a documented biography, but a very remarkable portrait executed with great skill.

G. C. T.

**Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad.** By DONALD OGDEN STEWART. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00.

**So Human.** By DON HEROLD. New York: E. P. Dutton Co. \$2.00.

**The Illiterate Digest.** By WILL ROGERS. New York: A. and C. Boni. \$2.00.

There is no truth in the statement that humor has died since the time of Mark Twain and the Gilbert-Sullivan era. The race of fun-makers has increased in number and power. Mr. Stewart writes nonsense as rare as that of Lewis Carroll; his people are as mad as the maddest hatter. The only sequence in the book is that of the Haddock's progress towards Europe. Beyond that, despair of finding any cause and effect. The Haddock's discuss the best hotels with the street-cleaner, and sympathize with a temperamental elevator. Mr. Haddock, because he refuses to take Mange Cure for breakfast, is tried by a jury of indignant waiters, found guilty and nominated President of the United States in the midst of wild demonstrations. Mildred, the little vixen, at the right moment always supplies the most unwelcome information; and the Captain, who has the habit of falling overboard, gives interviews on world politics as he is being salvaged. And yet the Haddocks are apparently sane in all their madness. "So Human" is, perhaps, a trifle more satirical in its wit. But it is not at all sardonic or bitter; it is just rollicking good-nature. Don Herold tells of the joys in going to the dentist, of the difficulty of spending modest incomes. He advises celebrities how to save time, gives plans for dividing the year into weeks, explains the novelist's phrase, "something seemed to snap," and discourses on modern babies.

Quite as boisterously funny as the text are the author's illustrations; the quips at the ends of the chapters demand a laugh. Will Rogers just talks. He is the master of "dry humor," that persuasive form which brings a chuckle rather than a guffaw. His monologues are on current events and prominent characters. He ridicules Bryan and Sunday, penetrates to the human element in President Coolidge and the Prince of Wales, and has a word of praise for the celebrities that deserve it. His comments on the Democratic Convention have become famous. Will Rogers' secret is his ability to see everything in just a slightly different way.

G. P. L.

**The Journal of Louis Hémon.** Translated by WILLIAM A. BRADLEY. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.

This new relique of Louis Hémon is a worthy companion-volume to the beautifully illustrated edition of "Maria Chapdelaine," lately issued also by the Macmillan Company. Lovers of literature who realize that Hémon was one writer in an age of word-tossers will relish his journal. The same theme that was so artistically developed in his great work of fiction, is sounded in this briefer book. Without the vaunting of excessive nationalism, Hémon stresses with restraint the glory of the real French, those who in the struggle with a new country kept the best of old France, its Faith, its language and traditions. Regard it as we will this is history; Hémon in his journal makes it literature. The illustrations in the book are very well done.

G. C. T.

**Seeing Canada.** By JOHN T. FARIS. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$6.50.

The author of this superb volume is a veteran traveler who in his last book has turned his keen attention to Canada. His former works are an earnest that he has done this book well. Canada stands out on his pages as a fair and beautiful land, larger than the United States and only slightly smaller than the whole of Europe. Though nothing escapes the eye or pen of Mr. Faris, yet he deserves especial praise for evenness of tone and simplicity of style. Unlike so many travelers in lands that were originally settled by Catholics, Mr. Faris does not obtrude offensive religious prejudice on the unwary reader. For avoiding this particular kind of vulgarity he is to be commended, as he is, too, for his thoroughly objective viewpoint. The book is splendidly illustrated and would make a welcome Christmas gift in many a home.

J. L.

**The Romance of Forgotten Towns.** By JOHN T. FARIS. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$6.00.

The romance connected with the settlement of a country is either in retrospect or in the aspirations of the hardy leader who guides his little band across uncharted tracts, through virgin forests and across unfordable streams to the land of promise. The promise is rarely fulfilled; failure and want, more often than not, terminate the hardy experiment. Human passions, too, play their part in such enterprises, and selfishness and greed and worse make impossible the loftiest aims of great leaders. The history of the settlement of the United States reveals the names of many men of interesting personality and distinguished careers, such as Abraham Lincoln, William Henry Harrison, Prince Gallitzin, Daniel Boone, and the Norwegian, Ole Bull. English, French, German, Norwegian and Italian settlements were attempted in this country, but few of them survived. Even the names of the towns begun, and sometimes, too, their location, are wholly forgotten. To rescue from utter oblivion the memory of these undertakings is the purpose of the author of "The Romance of For-



gotten Towns." He has delved into long neglected archives and consulted little known manuscripts in order to collate facts that are worthy of more general knowledge. Of course one such volume is insufficient to contain all that might be written even of forgotten towns, but one is surprised to find no reference whatever to St. Mary's, Maryland, the first Catholic settlement in the United States. Surely there is romance in the coming of the Ark and the Dove, and the celebration of the first holy Mass in this part of the world.

F. R. D.

**Magellan.** By ARTHUR STURGES HILDEBRAND. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

The story of Magellan though, perhaps, not as well authenticated as it might be, is rich in thrills and adventure, for it tells the great achievement of a daring spirit. Magellan's earlier adventures took him to the Far East among the spice islands of the Moluccas, later visited by the great Xavier. And then came his astounding feat of circling the globe with his little ship. On Tuesday, September 20, 1519, a fleet of five vessels slipped down the river from Seville and out into the open sea. Magellan was the Captain-General. By March, 1520, they were near the southern end of Patagonia. One ship had been lost. In November of that year they crossed the famous straits after many an adventure. Another ship was lost in the straits. Then came the long stretch across the Pacific in hunger, in scurvy and in despair. But the victory was closer than was thought. On Saturday, March 16, 1521, the high land of Samar of the Philippines rose up from the sea, and this globe of ours was encircled for the first time. But Magellan, daring to the last, was killed here in a daredevil skirmish with the natives. El Cano, one of his captains, took home his flagship "Victoria." Two other ships had been lost. The "Victoria" arrived in Spain on Monday, September 8, 1522, having been twelve days short of three years away. This is the romantic story that is told so well by Arthur Sturges Hildebrand.

P. M. D.

#### BOOKS AND AUTHORS

**The Holy Year.**—There is every indication that thousands of pious pilgrims will hasten to Rome during the Holy Year 1925 to obtain the great graces of the General Jubilee. What the Holy Year means, and the historical associations connected with the proclamation of the indulgence since the first formal Bull by Boniface VIII, in the year 1300, are explained in the *Catholic Mind* for December 8. A picturesque record of the ceremonies attending the opening of the last jubilee, that of 1900, is also given with the regulations restricting all other indulgences during the jubilee year, 1925. It is a very timely and informative number of this ever valuable periodical.

**The Catholic World.**—A timely Christmas flavor and a splendid variety mark the contents of the December *Catholic World*. Under Father Gillis' direction the magazine continues to gild the fine gold of its more than half-century of enviable literary prestige. Some of the notable features are "Christmas and the New Year," by Rev. Dr. F. J. Kelly; "The Holy Year and the Golden Door," by the standard authority, Father H. Thurston, S.J.; "An English Franciscan Centenary," F. Conrad Walmsley; "Their Little-All," D. H. Moseley; "The Simpleton," Myles Connolly. The "Drama" department is specially comprehensive and replete with valuable interpretive criticisms and so is the work of the book reviewers. All round a most commendable number with which to end the year.

**Two Catholic Poets.**—"From Bersabee to Dan" (Holy Cross Press, Worcester. \$1.75), by Michael Earls, S.J., and "The Book of the Mother of God" (Magnificat Press, Manchester), by Rev. Hugh F. Blunt, LL.D., arrived too tardily for inclusion in our list of books suitable for Christmas giving. But both volumes are eminently worthy to be tributes of friendship. Father Blunt's muse, in this volume, is dedicated entirely to the service and praise of the Blessed Virgin. There are longer narrative and lyrical poems on the mysteries of her life, her joys and sorrows and glories, and shorter interludes in the sonnet form on the titles she bears as Mother. Despite the singleness of his theme, Father Blunt achieves endless variation in his treatment of it. All of the poems keep an even level of high poetic intensity, all are charming in their expression. Father Earls has the quality of a splendid, infectious vitality. He runs on from poem to poem in breathless harmony, striking sparks of true imagination, rising and falling with genuine emotion. He turns an old thought so that it becomes startling and new; in his poems of a religious intent, he does not grope after the incomprehensible but rather bestows on the ordinary thing a new comprehensibility. Father Earls is the master of a wide variety of verse forms; some of these are most difficult, but they do not halt him in his thought nor do they hinder the even flow of his melody.

**Temples of the Living God.**—It will be a cause for gratification to many to learn that another of the books of Père Raoul Plus, S.J., has been translated into English. "Dieu en Nous" has been available for some years in its French original, but now this same work has appeared in English under title of "God Within Us" (Kenedy), translated by Edith Cowell. All of the works of Père Plus deal with some phase of the marvels of sanctifying grace and, through grace, of the intimacy of our souls with the person of Christ. "God Within Us" speaks of that mystery of love which Christians are often slow to appreciate: the actual indwelling in our hearts through sanctifying grace of Jesus Christ our Lord. This work is of the most solid kind. It rests upon the sure foundation of Catholic dogma as drawn from the words of Jesus Christ himself when he moved among men, and it develops a truth, too often neglected by Christian teachers, that is fundamental for the interior and supernatural life of the soul. This little book was written to instruct and enlighten. Its style is simplicity itself and the translation has been well done. The work cannot be recommended too earnestly to all Christians in the world and in the cloister alike. It represents a movement to get at that in Christianity which is most essential, and withal practical and eminently comforting. "Because He shall abide with you and shall be in you."

**Tales of Two Cities.**—"Around New York" (Century. \$5.00) by Konrad Bercovici and "A Loiterer in London" (Doran. \$5.00) by Helen W. Henderson are two books of travel. Mr. Bercovici seems to prefer the color of romance to the dull drab of fact, and writes in an exaggerated style that often betrays him into serious inaccuracy. No witch was ever "burned" in New York, or anywhere in any American colony, for that matter, and sober historians will learn with surprise that in New York "Catholic priests were tortured on the wheel and executed by lighting the fires under the *auto da Fe*." Mrs. Henderson's volume is beautifully illustrated, and will delight both those who know their London and those who hope to know it. But *adelpi* is not the Greek for "brothers," and Westminster Abbey is not a "Cathedral," and never was, except for a brief period (1540-50) when Thomas Thirlby defiled the ancient Abbey with heresy as the first and last Protestant Bishop of Westminster.

**Other Books For Boys and Children.**—In addition to the list of juveniles already given, a few more titles are worthy of mention. Biographies of our national heroes are usually too erudite or too verbose or too brief. Two volumes that seem to strike the happy mean are: "The Founders of America" (Page. \$2.00), by Edwin Wildman, and "Famous American Naval Officers" (Page. \$2.00), by Charles Lee Lewis. Each biographical sketch enumerates the outstanding characteristics of the hero portrayed, gives an illuminating account of his life, and, in conclusion, shows how he may be imitated. In "Famous American Naval Officers" there is one bright star missing: Commodore Jack Barry, whose commission was dated December 7, 1775, the first issued by the Marine Committee of the Continental Congress. Here are two books that all boys should read, for they will learn from these pages what it really means to be a true American. They will understand, too, that fame comes not over night, but is the result oftentimes of years of patient labor. Like Farragut and Sims one may reach the age of sixty before the great chance comes.—In "Little Snow White and Other Stories" (Christopher Publishing House, Boston. \$1.50), Ferd Gregorovius has charmingly retold in verse and rhyme the stories that children love, and Arthur Forst has daintily pictured them. Besides the title tale, there is the story of Red Riding Hood, Cinderella, Frau Holle and Little Goldilocks. The narrative keeps within the scope of the original story and the language is such that even a young child would understand.

**As They Like It.**—Professor Phelps' should be encouraged to continue his series, "As I Like It" (Scribner. \$2.00). The papers of this second number appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*, 1923-24. They are most ephemeral, and for that reason most readable. They are just genial and gentlemanly chats, uniformly sane and judicious, and perfectly broad-minded in their appraisals. Though the essays are all more or less connected with literature they contain digressions on drama and art and life. They leap from topic to topic, they comment on the books of the day as well as those in a forgotten limbo, they discuss authors living and dead, grammar and golf and cats and concerts. Professor Phelps is an indulgent critic and an enthusiastic reviewer.—Our greatest difficulty in correspondence is in the writing of the letter; Joseph H. Odell seems to have taken keen pleasure in writing his "Unmailed Letters" (Dutton. \$2.50), but was too diffident to dispatch them. The letters reflect the feelings of a thoughtful man temporarily ordered to take the rest-cure. They are quiet and leisurely in manner and in content range over a wide variety of subjects. There are descriptions of Tudor staircases and fishing adventures, recollections of travel and friends, and some shrewd comment on books and reading. But the author is far too expansive in his religious views; the Bible is not inspired because it gives inspiration, nor is religion just a matter of personal experience, nor St. Francis of Assisi, a Protestant.

**For the New Year.**—As the old year approaches its end, publications come in for the new. "The Mass Intention Calendar" (John W. Winterich, 1865 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, O. \$1.00) is a handy book for priests. Every day of the year is given marked off by columns where there is space for noting the intention of the Mass, the celebrant, the stipend, and other data. The days of Masses "*pro populo*" are indicated by a red star. At the end are numerous perforated leaflets for the transfer of Masses.—"St. Anthony's Almanac" for 1925 is published by the Franciscan Fathers of the Province of the Holy Name. Besides much useful information that should go with a Church almanac, these pages contain stories, sketches of missionary life and interesting biographies.—"The Laurentianum" is a sort of year book which gives the history and development of the Capuchin Seminary at Mt. Calvary, Wisconsin.

**Fiction.**—The somewhat misleading title of Henrietta Dana Skinner's book, "Espirito Santo" (Kenedy. \$1.25), is really the name of a young girl who exercises a profound influence on two brothers destined to become opera stars. With many a side-light on the vagaries of musical folk, the work is permeated with motive and method so thoroughly Catholic as to be a fair example of how entralling the finer instincts of our nature become under the hand of a master. To end the story with the unexpected death of two lovable characters may be disappointing to the reader, until he realizes that it is the truer artistry to crown a perfect human love with the radiance that is found in heaven alone.

A remembrance and a dream were the *ignis fatuus* of the title character of "Sard Harker" (Macmillan. \$2.50), by John Masefield. But "Sard" had utter faith in his instinct. When he left his ship at Las Palomas, he had the courage of an epic hero. Battling against brutal and bloodthirsty men, traveling through a country that showed nature in its grimmest form, matching his wits against a worshiper of Satan, this strong man of the sea finally won his way to happiness.

The purpose of "23 Stories by Twenty and Three Authors" (Appleton. \$2.50), edited by C. A. Dawson Scott and Ernest Rhys, has been eminently fulfilled. "The chief aim of this story-book is to startle the unwary reader," the cover states. Each tale has its own special horror: gruesome, magical, bloody, pathetic or hair-raising. Most of the authors are of high repute, and their narratives are uniformly good.

In spite of every hardship and discouragement, the London orphan-boy whose story is told in "The Wind and the Rain" (Doran. \$2.00), by Thomas Burke, lived a clean life. The tale has the form of an autobiography, made more realistic by the appropriate use of the cockney dialect. While the theme is rough and powerful, it is also sad with the sadness of those who have little in this life and who look for nothing better in the life to come.

Since "Maria Chapdelaine," we have enjoyed few novels more than "Andorra" (Houghton, Mifflin. \$2.00), by Isabelle Sandy. It is a tale of patriarchal life in the Pyrennees. The story of the Xiriball's sturdy faith, their courage in adversity, and their final triumph over misfortunes is told with a naturalness, and yet with a beauty and suggestiveness of language, that is almost Homeric. Realism and idealism are happily blended to produce a book whose art will delight the most exacting litterateur.

A hotly contested election in England, a dramatic murder trial, a revolution in South America, an earthquake, all these are brought together in the well-knit plot of "Ancient Fires" (Dutton. \$2.00), by I. A. R. Wylie. Yet, the story is far from being a swash-buckling adventure tale. In its character development and its vivid descriptive passages, the book has a real literary merit. Since the author chose to make his almost-lovable villain a Catholic, he might have investigated Catholic practices a little more carefully.

Ireland's romantic history of recent years may now be told. "Earthbound" (Harrigan Press, Worcester), by Dorothy Macardle, is a remarkable collection of stories. Most of the tales deal with the exploits of the brave patriots who withstood the Black and Tans, with the escapes, ambushes, hunger-strikes and other deeds of superhuman valor. A distinctly Celtic element of the preternatural enters into each narrative and a Catholic atmosphere covers them all.

Readers of good fiction will welcome the handsome new edition of "Maria Chapdelaine" (Macmillan. \$2.50), by Louis Heman. The book is illustrated in black and white, and in color, by Wilfred Jones. As a gift-book it will prove most suitable, a beautiful story in a beautiful setting.



## Education

### Teachers and the Business of Art

WHEN Saint Francis was asked to describe Poverty he answered: "This is that virtue which enableth the soul, while yet on earth, to hold converse in heaven with the angels." And so, Poverty is surely a beautiful and useful thing. Now if you were to demand of the artist a similar statement of his creed, the answer might possibly be a little indefinite, but in the end it would, very likely, amount to something like this: "Art is the vision through which we see the world." What? you may object, do we not see the world every day? Is it not borne in upon us with each hour, until sometimes we long desperately for an escape? Why, isn't art itself a way out? Yes, indeed, but reflect a moment. There is no escaping into things which are not, but only into the things which *are*, more transcendently, really, radiantly than the passing shadows and shows that afflict our eyes. In the loftiest possible sense, we speak of peace in God, who is the fulness of being. The artist does not go so far. His "land of bliss" lies where, as Bacon suggests, "the shadows of things are submitted to the desires of the mind"; where beauty reigns, giving us delight by reason of a harmoniously reflected picture of life—a picture arranged by an artist whose faculties work in serene harmony; where action is swallowed up in contemplation, in the happiness of viewing "his handiwork and glory."

Of course we shall grant that the teacher is not an artist; but he does hold the keys of the artist's domain. He is the porter to whom most of the world applies for admission, and therefore he should have a fairly good knowledge of his master's business. Stand at an ordinary street-corner and watch a crowd moving along. What a variety! What do we know of these men and women, of their heads and their heartaches, their charities and their villainies? Nothing. And yet every one of them is a person fashioned by Love and Power for an everlasting journey. Each holds locked in the secret places of his heart just as much as, perhaps more than, we ourselves possess. Realize that for a moment, and see how it leads off into mystery. Man viewed an instant before as a unit in an arithmetical procession, now looms up like a virgin continent, bristling with mountain-peaks and the profundity of oceans unexplored. If there were nothing else on earth to interest us, we might spend our time profitably examining into the least of passers-by.

To keep alive the sense of mystery of things—that is the artist's first reason for existence. He is the eternal discoverer of the long-discovered. He is the breathless lover of all who have tired of affection. There is Keats, for instance. What are his themes? A dog-eared copy of Chapman; a nightingale; a Grecian frieze; autumn—things as commonplace as starched collars, and yet lighted, when he has touched them, with the gleam of undimming fires. There is poor, improvident Mangan,

with his parasol and his outlandish hat, staring into a yellowed copy of forgotten songs. Suddenly he entertains a vision of wrong and affection a thousand years old, a vision of fearless men tramping steadfastly to death, a vision of Ireland. And his song crowds all these things together for the ends of time in a passionate embrace. Dark Rosaleen!

Thus one could look at all of literature that has mattered and find everywhere the miracle of creative insight. Surely to have an ear and an eye for these things is much more important than a thousand Ph.D's. But it must be admitted that philosophy has its share in the matter. Wonder, melody, mystery are very important, but of its very nature the art of letters is bound up with a great number of speculative and moral aspects of truth. That sounds serious, and so it is. Our age in particular has striven to dissociate social responsibility from the fruits of artistic inspiration. We have been informed time and time again that morality has nothing to do with art. Perhaps that is true, in a certain sense. M. Maritain, after a careful study of scholastic principle, informs us that since the artist is a contemplative, he has no practical purpose and therefore no moral mission. But that does not absolve him from moral implications; he is subject to the immutable standards of conduct which will declare his work either fair or foul. Now this must give the honest teacher quite a bit of concern. There are no sweeping declarations which can be spread like a blanket over the world of art. An honest study of life is likely to be dusky enough, and to treat of matters from which the delicate recoil. And yet judgment here must be equally as honest, particularly in the teacher's case. The young will not be satisfied with evasions or platitudes. If you wish to strike at error effectively, you must make sure first of all that your target is really error. Wherefore the only safe way is to treat each case individually, after a careful diagnosis that can be defended.

Immorality and falsehood are often justified on the plea that form is the real object of art. This brings us at once to the final issue that must be decided between creative writing and the teacher. In literature we are accustomed to speak of "style" with bated breath, as if a god were being entertained at dinner. After all, however, the matter is not so formidable. It may be stated boldly, for surely there is nothing so convincing as boldness, that style is simply the manner of writing employed naturally by a man who knows the language and understands what he is talking about and for. Style is attractive and revealing when the writer is himself attractive and revealing, and has selected subjects to harmonize. Style is brilliant and commanding under similar circumstances. There is no other way to gain a good style; and that is why the ancient Greeks and Romans spent so much time training the character of him who wished to be an orator. It is very likely true that Stevenson's mastery

was due less to the diligent "aping" of his younger years than to his Scotch inheritance and romantic training. Of course not all styles will be alike, which is a matter to be grateful for. Some will be controlled by emotion, others by intellect. They will range from the strictly classical variety to the riotously romantic without anyone's being able to call a halt or issue a righteous protest. The whole question ought to be looked upon as a normal aspect of the artist's business and not as a bogey that is entitled to run off with one's better judgment.

A multitude of other details clamor for consideration. But the teacher who has read these observations dutifully will probably be saying quite ruefully: "You have reminded me of a bundle of burdens I know all about, but you have done very little to help carry them." The remark is, of course, distressingly true. Nothing makes a teacher's profession so stoical as its necessary isolation. And so, to put us all in a good humor for tomorrow's work. I shall tell a story. Once upon a time (oh, blessed beginning!) Rembrandt went into a building to look at one of his pictures. In front of the canvas he found a governess telling three or four children what the painting signified and wherein its beauty lay. The artist listened for a while, shook his head, and then walked brusquely up to the group. "I trust you will pardon me, miss," he said, "but your interpretation is quite wrong. Quite! With your permission I shall explain." And he went on talking wisely and ever so profoundly. At the end he turned round to discover that his audience was sound asleep. Which reminds us that though artists have their places in the world, teachers also are important. It would be altogether impossible to get along without them. Perhaps, at bottom, it is a hidden perception of this truth which keeps the classrooms filled, in spite of a thousand difficulties and the maze of a myriad questions.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

The Rev. Boyd-Barrett, S.J., M.A. (N. U.), Ph.D. (Lov.), will continue his discussion of psychological phenomena, choosing for his topic "Human Reactions and Adjustments," in next week's issue.

Apropos of the Christmas festivities, Mr. J. P. O'Connor Duffy will write a description of the Christmas spirit in Ireland.

The Rev. Gerald Ellard, S.J., will discuss the calendar and its various vicissitudes throughout the centuries.

William H. Scheifly, Ph.D., will have a paper descriptive of Jaurès's career and policies.

## Sociology

### The Child Labor Amendment

WHILE the lamp holds out to burn, as the old hymn has it, the vilest sinner may return. The New York *World* has not been the worst of sinners in respect to advocacy of the child labor amendment, but henceforth it will be no advocate at all. After a series of editorials depicting the multifarious advantages of this proposed amendment, the *World* began to see the light. On Monday, December 8, accompanied by the plaudits of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler and of the New York Chamber of Commerce, the *World* came under the rays of the lamp and announced its conversion in a leaded double-column editorial. "The *World*, after careful consideration," wrote the editor, "has come to the conclusion that it [the amendment] is not necessary and may be highly undesirable." Whereat Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler swooned with joy and was borne out by the pitying hands of a committee appointed by the National Association of Manufacturers.

The reasons assigned by the *World* are familiar to readers of AMERICA whose editors fought the first child labor law in 1916, and have never failed to preach the gospel of local self-government. The first reason assigned by the *World* is that "the progress of the States in the protection of children has been marked since 1912." In 1912, only twenty-one States prohibited the labor of children under fourteen in factories and stores. Today forty-five States prohibit it. In 1912, the labor of children under sixteen in dangerous trades was prohibited by twenty-one States; today such labor is prohibited by nearly all the States, "and many are above this standard." The progress of State legislation with reference to education and general child-care has been steady and uninterrupted, not only in the North but also in the South. Here, concludes the *World* "is proof beyond doubt that the movement for the protection of children has real vitality in the States, and that it is not dependent upon Federal legislation."

In the second place, observes the editor, the protection of children is not merely a matter of "passing laws." Laws must be enforced. But on what does enforcement depend? "It depends fundamentally on the parents of the child, the employers of the community, the trades unions and churches and public officials of the locality." But the Government at Washington cannot enforce legislation of that nature, if the bulk of the people of the community do not favor the purpose of the law. On the other hand, "as fast as public sentiment is educated, the States will raise their own standards and enforce their own laws." The Federal Government cannot, except on paper, raise them any faster." Or, as AMERICA has urged from the outset of this campaign, if the various associations working for the adoption of the amendment were to confine their efforts to improvements *within the States*, wherever improvement is necessary, the evil of child labor



would be actually eliminated, and no amendment would be necessary. But if this plan be rejected the whole problem is submitted to Federal intervention. That intervention may or may not succeed; but if the story of what has almost invariably happened when the Federal Government engages in social work can be taken as a guide, the probability is not success but rank failure.

Thirdly, "The protection of children is not merely a matter of prohibitory laws and of enforcement of these laws, but of a vast number of other things which are a substitute for child labor." In an article recently contributed to AMERICA Mr. Robert E. Shortall showed that here we have the beginning of Federal control of education, of mothers' pensions, of vocational guidance, and a host of other activities all of which invade the sphere proper to the respective States. As the *World* correctly points out, "these are not proper undertakings for the Government at Washington, for they involve a mass of detail and a knowledge of local conditions which are quite beyond the competence of Congress or of a Federal Department."

Yet the protection of childhood is bound up with them, and one of the fundamental objections to the broad powers of the proposed Twentieth Amendment is that it will divert attention from effective progress in the States and center it upon the enactment of paper standards at Washington.

Therefore, since enforcement of laws depends on local support, since the protection of childhood involves an educational policy of a most complicated sort, the *World* is convinced that the short cut of a uniform Federal standard will be an apparent short cut and not a real one.

One of the best briefs against the proposed amendment that has come under my notice was written by the Rev. Jones Corrigan, S.J., professor of ethics in Boston College. Father Corrigan arranges his points under ten headings, styled "Ten reasons for voting 'no' on the child labor amendment."

1. Because it destroys personal liberty, an inalienable right enshrined in the Declaration of Independence.

2. Because it is the most vicious extension of centralized bureaucratic power yet proposed.

3. Because it would eviscerate the States and change our plan of government from a Federal Union to a consolidated republic with power far removed from the people.

4. Because the preservation of local self-government is of vital importance to the people of this country.

5. Because it would give Congress a power over youth that no State and country in Europe at present exercises.

6. Because it is a change in the fundamental law that will have serious consequences.

7. Because, as a matter of fact, it is not an amendment to prohibit child labor in factories, but an anti-work compulsory school proposition for all persons under eighteen years of age.

8. Because it would transfer to Congress the power to set up in Washington a bureau to take under control

all persons under eighteen years of age in this and all other States.

9. Because the power to "limit, regulate and prohibit" destroys parental authority and responsibility throughout America.

10. Because the State laws relative to child labor are already excellent and are being improved where needed.

I have never heard that Father Corrigan was a "capitalist" and the good Lord knows that I am not, but it must be granted that we find ourselves in strange company in opposing this amendment. Still, even the devil can bear witness to the truth.

JOHN WILTBYE.

## Note and Comment

Discussing the  
Eighteenth Amendment

IN a rather startling speech before the South Dakota Bar Association, at its twenty-fifth annual meeting, the president of the organization, Charles Olin Bailey, held that the duty of "interfering with and regulating the intimate personal habits of citizens," imposed upon the Federal Government by the Eighteenth Amendment, had resulted "in the most overwhelming 'disrespect for law' that has followed any congressional enactment since the passage of the foreign slave law." But more striking even than this was the statement that to his mind the existing situation seemed nevertheless far preferable to the conditions which would exist if the laws now placed upon our statute books were actually enforced.

The situation which would then arise would be unthinkable. Well-intentioned, but utterly ignorant zealots and reformers have brought about the enactment of a multitude of unwise laws which cannot be enforced and which it would be a social crime to enforce. The community at large, unable to prevent the enactment of fool legislation, adopts the easiest course and ignores the laws which the congresses and legislatures in their unwisdom have enacted.

The two methods usually proposed to remedy the situation he considers hopeless. The first is enforcement of the Volstead act, which he qualifies as "impossible" and the second, is more education, which he describes as a "harmless but utterly ineffective nostrum." With such views expressed before a solemn gathering of members of the legal profession, we may well wonder in what the present situation is finally to end.

Cardinal Vannutelli's  
Notable Anniversary

CLOSE to the eve of Christmas will occur at Rome the celebration of the sixty-fourth anniversary of Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli's ordination to the holy priesthood. He was ordained at the age of twenty-four and is now eighty-eight years old, but still performs the routine work of his office. His first important appointment came to him in 1863, when he was made Auditor to the Papal Nuncio at the Court of the Hague. From Holland he was transferred to the same position at the Court of

Belgium, and in 1875 he was made Deputy Secretary of State by Pope Pius X. Between 1879 and 1883 he spent four eventful years with the Turk as Apostolic Delegate to Constantinople, having previously received the title of Archbishop of Sardis. He next was made Papal Nuncio to the Court of Lisbon, which was understood to be a stepping stone to the cardinalate. To this honor Pope Leo XIII raised him in 1889, but the fact was kept *in petto* and not published until 1890. He was now permanently attached to Rome, merely carrying out brief missions as Papal representative to Eucharistic congresses or similar great ecclesiastical events. On one of these trips he visited the United States. Recalling in a long article the particulars of this notable life the N. C. W. C. correspondent describes the daily evening visits which Cardinal Vincenzo was wont to pay his brother, Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli. The latter was older than he and before his death had almost completely lost his sight:

As the hour for the parting for the night approached the two brothers knelt down together to say the Rosary. It was a scene worthy of Millet's brush—that of the aged princes of the Church on their knees, "saying the beads" in common every night in the autumn of their lives, with all the simplicity and fervor that had marked family prayers in the Vannutelli household when Serafino and Vincenzo were boys, over half a century previously.

Cardinal Vincenzo lived under six Popes and served under five of them. He and one other survivor are the only two members of the Sacred College of Cardinals who date back to the time of Leo XIII. Cardinal Vannutelli is the dean of the Sacred College.

#### The Christ Child and the Sioux

IN sending out his Christmas appeal Father Hughes, Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, calls attention this year to the Sisters at Fort Yates, who fearlessly dared the bullets and tomahawks of Sitting Bull and his warriors to nurse the wounded and comfort the frightened women and children during the early Indian uprisings. During the fifty years that have elapsed since the terrible Custer massacre the Sioux have in great numbers become loyal Catholics, but the brave and heroic Sisters are still at work in this field. With characteristic courage they have lately started a school and secured a poor house as living quarters:

But like the stable of Bethlehem the school is bare. It needs desks, books, blackboards. The Sisters' house is unplastered. They have no coal. The Dakota winters are long and severe. Father Bernard, their black robe for over forty years, asks for only \$500, as if he were asking for a fortune. It is indeed more than a fortune. It will save numberless souls.

So the Sisters have taken the little Sioux children because they see in each of them the Christ Child. The Government formerly employed these Sisters in its school, provided no religious instruction was given by them. That work had to be done during other hours. Now the law forbids younger Sisters from taking the place of the old

Sisters in the Government service or pay, while the Indians are unable to contribute enough to keep them. That is one of the problems of the Catholic Indian Missions. As for Father Bertram and the Sisters, they are bravely starting over almost where they began half a century ago. "The old guard knows how to die," quotes Father Hughes, "but knows not how to surrender."

#### What Catholic Women Can Do

HERE is the story of what a group of Catholic women have accomplished during the past five years in a comparatively small town of about 20,000 people, in northeastern Pennsylvania. They constitute the St. Rose Court of the Catholic Daughters of America, founded in Carbondale, November 23, 1919, with a charter membership of fifty. They now have over 1,000 members in good standing. During the five years of their existence they have raised for charitable and other purposes, \$17,500. They have a building fund of nearly \$16,000. They have donated for civic purposes \$225. They have paid out in mortuary benefits, \$1,550. They have donated for charity and other purposes about \$1,750. Furthermore they presented nearly 5,000 garments to the orphanages of the Lackawanna Valley in the diocese of Scranton during three Lenten seasons. Besides charitable and personal objects, they have done much not only for the social life of their members but also of their fellow townspeople. They have given balls, held fairs and bazaars and in addition have had a series of high class lectures and entertainments. They maintain a well-organized glee club under the direction of a skilled vocal and instrumental teacher. They have organized a public speaking class under the guidance of a well-known elocutionist, and they hold a yearly banquet which has now come to be one of the annual events of the town.

All this was accomplished though the yearly dues are only four dollars. No one felt any burden from certain additional demands that were made on members, the response to which was entirely voluntary, and usually made with the feeling that one was getting more than one's money's worth out of the affair in hand. We wonder how many other towns in the country can show a record like this. Of one thing we are perfectly sure: it is that if this same spirit existed everywhere there would simply be wonderful results accomplished not only for the charities of our American communities, but above all for their intellectual and social life. Almost needless to say all this has been accomplished mainly because a small group of intensely interested women have been willing to devote themselves wholeheartedly to organizing the various features of the work. It requires only a handful of people with a talent for leadership to make hundreds do things that would, without their initiative, remain undone. Good example is marvelous in its power for getting things done. Here is an example for the rest of the country.